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THE

Vale of Apperley,

AND OTHER

POEMS.

En quelque climat que j'erre,
Plus que tous les autres lieux,
Cet heureux coin de la terre,
Me plait et rit a mes yeux.

FENELON.

Malton:

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MALTON.

1822.

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PREFACE.

THE VALE of APPERLEY is so named from a small and inconsiderable VILLAGE standing at the foot of APPERLEY-BRIDGE; and which, in outward appearance, has certainly nothing prepossessing. But the scenery in the neighbourhood of ESHOLT-HALL, the seat of *Joshua Crompton, Esq.*, and, from thence, extending to KIRKSTALL ABBEY, is truly delightful.—The hills on each side are generally clothed with trees of luxuriant growth; while the AIRE, gently meandering through the Vale, contributes no little to enrich the woodland views.

WHATEVER natural beauties the Vale may possess, all have been enhanced, in the Author's estimation, by moral circumstances; many of which have produced upon his mind, impressions not easily to be erased.

THE following POEM was originally written for the amusement of One whose name frequently occurs; and which, in presenting the Work to the public, it was not deemed kind to suppress. May those, into whose hands it shall fall, shew it the same tenderness which it has already experienced from friends in private! and the few hours, devoted (from more important pursuits) to poetical compositions, will not be regretted by

THE AUTHOR.

841996

Contents of Part First.

VALE of APPERLEY—Esholt-Hall—View from the hill near Mr. B. RYCROFT's house—Melancholy Death of a young Female in that neighbourhood—Baptist Chapel at the foot of Rawdon-hill—Rawdon Manor, &c.—Calverley-Hall—Tragic scene once acted there—Calverley Church—Meditations at the grave of some departed relatives, &c.

THE

VALE OF APPERLEY.

Cercato ho sempre solitaria vita
Le rive il sanno, e le compagne e i boschi.

PETRARCH.

HAIL, sacred Vale, and each enchanting scene
Of woods and meadows, in thy bosom seen ;
And groves sequester'd, yielding solemn shade,
Where sylvan charms luxuriant—are display'd!
Pleas'd, have I wander'd all your beauties o'er,
With mind impress'd, and prais'd the mighty Pow'r
That wisely form'd you, and the hills around ;
And, with unnumber'd charms, the whole has crown'd.
And oft to Esholt-Hall, and Esholt Grove, [1]
The Spring (by rustics call'd,) I lov'd to rove ;
To list the murmurs of a gentle stream,
That flow'd reluctant in the dell between :

Felt a sweet calmness steal upon the soul,
That seem'd in concert with the gentle roll;
Induc'd reflection, fix'd each roving thought,
As soft its murmurs by the ear were caught.
These limpid waters, through the summer-day,
Would often tempt the passenger to stay,
To taste the cooling flood—perhaps to lave,
His frame enervate, in the sylvan wave.
While here the songsters that frequent the grove,
Tun'd sweet their warblings: And the mournful dove
Told her soft tale to rocks and shades around;
And echo answer'd to each plaintive sound:
The music trembled through the leafy dell,
Which caught each tone, and could repeat it well.

And when, retiring from this lov'd retreat,
Passing along near Crompton's rural seat,
We leap the "Stepping-Stones" with trembling care,
That form a passage 'cross the river Aire:
Mount to the summit of a neighbouring hill,
From whence is seen the valley wid'ning still;

Charming the view which here the eye commands,
To Woodhouse-Grove,[2] where Elam's Temple stands,
And Aire[3] is seen to glide with devious flow,
'Neath its fair banks where spreading osiers grow:
Whilst Esholt-Hall,[4] the stately building nigh,
Simple in elegance, attracts the eye;
A spacious mansion, and in form a square,
Some paces distant from the banks of Aire.
Well chosen is the site, which yields a view
Rich in variety, and pleasing too.
In front, a lake and verdant lawn are seen;
Behind, are woody-slopes, a sylvan scene,
Where waving groves, and stately forests grow,
A lovely contrast with the vale below.

A sacred building rose, in days of yore,
On this fair site—but now exists no more.
Cistercian Nuns[5] inhabited the place,
Strict in their discipline, and forms of grace:
Where holy Julia, o'er a sister band
Reign'd, the first Prioress, and held command:

Taught here the laws her Order had enjoin'd,
And deep infix'd them on each sister's mind.
Intent on good, pure was the virgin's aim;
Her highest wish, the wand'rers to reclaim,
And bring to Him, her soul had learnt to prize—
Saviour of men—and lead them to the skies.
Nor vain her labours in the sacred cause,
Some sought her counsels, and receiv'd her laws;
Fled from the world; or rather, sought to fly
Its fair delusions; and wish'd here to die:
And hop'd to spend the remnant of their years
In holy solitude—repentant tears—
Sweet was this spot, remote from bustling care—
Here might the soul for other realms prepare.
While not a witness of their acts was seen,
But each lone dell, each grove of living green,
Alternate sharing, as the seasons roll'd,
Their hours most sacred, and their vows untold.

When Britain's Monarch, panting to be free,
Shook off the Pope, and scorn'd the holy See; [c]

Declar'd himself the Head of Church and State;
These sacred Houses shared his vengeful hate.
Decreed their dissolution; houses, lands,
Quickly reverted to the Monarch's hands:
Urg'd for his plea, abuses that prevail'd,
His subjects injur'd, and his throne assail'd.
The charge exhibited, though partly true,
To some, a milder chastisement was due,
It booted not—a secret motive urg'd;
By woful ruin must their crimes be purg'd.
The minor Houses[7] feel the stern decree,
And sink the first—Then Esholt's ceas'd to be;
Fell in the mighty fall,—dissolv'd,—destroy'd;
A heap of ruins, once the Valley's pride.
When rolling years in turn laid low its foes,
This princely mansion on its ruins rose;
And though unconsecrate to cloister'd fame,
Worthy the tenants, and of splendid name:
Whilst each surrounding scene, that meets the view,
Is still array'd in Nature's richest hue.

Pleas'd has your Sylvius oft survey'd the whole,
With such sensations as have thrill'd his soul,
And pleas'd Urania in her youthful days,
Admir'd each charming view, and spoke its praise.
Sacred the vale esteem'd, that gave her day;
The groves, the river, and the flow'rets gay,
Which deck the meadows, and in Spring appear,
And deem'd more lovely, 'cause they flourish'd here.

Nor pass, my Muse, as fancy moves along,
The mournful story of a tragic song,
That lives, too-deep engrav'd in hearts, that knew
The lovely suff'rer,—and, who wept her too.

A maid, her parent's joy, their honest pride,
Destin'd, ere long, to be a joyful bride,
(Destin'd in vain;) 'twas Heaven's most righteous will
The damsel should a higher station fill:
Dwelt in yon cottage 'neath the cowslip-steep,
Lav'd by a water, still—pellucid—deep,

Reflecting in its bosom, objects round :
High trees o'ershadow—Here the maid was drown'd,
Fell by misfortune in her youthful bloom,
And sunk, alas ! within a wat'ry tomb.
Dark was the night, nor moon—nor star appear'd,
Lone was the pathway—stouter hearts have fear'd,
Whilst ev'ry leaf, that trembled to the wind,
Unnerv'd the maid, and shook her timid mind.

Eager to gain her lov'd, her lowly home,
She miss'd the Bridge, and plung'd, and sunk alone !
The parting element a signal gave,
Dash'd loud—she shriek'd—while quick the lurid wave
Roll'd o'er her virgin form : and each sad sound
Was echo'd deeply through the gloom profound.
Her frighted spirit in that moment fled—
And left her floating corpse,—extended,—dead,

Emerg'd from death-cold flood—and dreary night,
Another moment saw her rob'd with light :

Strange the transition!—quick—the world withdrew:
No vision mock'd: She wak'd—and all was true!

That dismal night portentous sounds were heard;
The parents, boding ill, their pray'rs preferr'd:
The faithful dog, who watch'd his master's door,
Howl'd long—and loud, and rang'd the fatal shore;
While deeper gloom than erst, the sky had veil'd,
And death-like stillness all around prevail'd.
T'was death himself, clad in his sablest shade,
Who watch'd that hour to seize the hapless maid;
Wrench'd by the deed, from each fond parent-heart,
A tie so tender, only death could part.

Not far from Wood-house grove, (a gentle rise
To Rawdon-Hill,) an ancient ruin lies;
By woods surrounded, a sequester'd place,
Where worshipp'd once a puritanic race. [8]
Oppress'd by penal laws some dar'd to frame
T'infringe a right that ev'ry man can claim,

A right to worship God as conscience taught,
A shelter'd spot the persecuted sought;
By heaven guided, here a refuge found,
Enclos'd by woods, and groves, and hills around.
To God they built a house, "A house of pray'r"
And paid their solemn vows, and worship, there.
Far from alarms, and persecuting hate,
The pious flock within the building met;
Heard, from their pastor, of a Saviour's love,
And learnt to live for heaven—and joys above.

The times are chang'd, and Persecution's hand,
By knowledge paralys'd, throughout the land,
Dares not to strike, or feels asham'd to show
Her hated form,—her sanguinary brow.
The light of truth shines with resplendent ray,
And seems increasing each revolving day,
Whilst nations hail with joy the promis'd morn,
When light celestial shall the world adorn.
Danger remov'd, nor persecution fear'd,
A more commodious house has since been rear'd,

Not distant far from this, where, still are heard,
The holy doctrines of Jehovah's word;
Whilst this old building, by the stranger seen,
Recalls the spirit of the age that's been;
Reproves that age, which blindly claim'd a right
To rule mens' consciences by human might.

Dilapidated walls, and mould'ring stone,
With ivy cover'd, or with moss o'ergrown,
Bespeak the place still sacred—Whilst each tomb,
That yet exists, and indicates for whom,
No sacrilegious ruffian dares profane,
Nor touch the dust the hallow'd walls contain.
Amidst the ruins—stand some shady trees,
Intruders there, and yet they seem to please,
Yielding a gloom, as wide their branches spread,
According with the mansions of the dead,
The shaking leaves, that strike the list'ning ear,
Would seem to say, "Some spirit's hov'ring near."—
The musing stranger startles at the sound,
And treads more lightly on the hallow'd ground.

Solemn the moments, when he can repair,
Such scenes to visit, and such feelings share.

When the bold Norman, claiming right to reign, [9]
Arm'd his proud fleet, and cross'd the raging main ;
Saw, on fair Albion's shores, his banners wave,
And dreadful battle to King Harold gave ;
A host of champions, mighty in their day,
Rush'd to the contest ; form'd in dread array ;
Arms clash'd with arms, nor did the brave recoil ;
Death reign'd, and numbers grasp'd the blood-stain'd soil :
Midst deeds of valour, heroes yield their breath,
Death-wounded, yet magnanimous in death.
Then Harold fell—than whom no mightier wag'd
The awful combat—where the battle rag'd ;
Himself a host, that led his mighty van,
Predicting vict'ry, when the fight began.
When lo ! an arrow, wing'd with light'ning speed, [10]
Pierc'd to his brain ! His Chiefs beheld him bleed,
Beheld him stagger,—fall, amongst the slain,
Drop his fell weapon, died with crimson stain :

Saw, o'er his face, the shades of death prevail,
His lips empurple, and his cheeks grow pale,
Life ebb apace, as fast the torrents pour,
Through the deep wound the Warrior's temple bore.
Then, terror-struck, dismay'd, and all undone,
His army fled: The Norman, vict'ry won;
Yet us'd it wisely; whilst the conquer'd found
William was gracious, and their Monarch crown'd.

Among the Chiefs who fought on William's side,
Shar'd in the vict'ry, felt a victor's pride,
Was Paul de Rawdon, of immortal name,
Renown'd in war, who, with the conq'ror came.
A troop of Archers, vet'rans in the field,
High-spirits, brave, nor foe, had taught to yield,
Follow'd this leader, on the signal day,
That fill'd Britannia's rulers with dismay;
And saw, in Harold's fall, the princely line
Of Saxon Monarchs, in our land decline.
'Twas then, this hero, in reward of skill,
Receiv'd the Manor upon Rawdon-hill;[11]

Where yon fam'd Hall, that on the vale looks down,
Antique in form, recalls the ages flown :
The Warriors—Statesmen—Patriots, now no more,
Each, high in rank, renown'd in days of yore,
Hon'ring this fair, but now forsaken seat,
Sacred to deeds the Muse might here repeat :
But hist'ry tells them—they're enroll'd by fame,
Which has immortaliz'd each noble name.

The Antiquary, fond of ancient lore,
Things obsolete, despis'd ; that loves to pore
On some old tablet, half erased and mean,
Say what it *is*, or what it *may* have been ;
Then next examine, with attentive care,
Sculptures and paintings, he pronounces rare ;—
Might here find some employ, where ages, gone,
Have marr'd a building which in splendour shone.
Whilst the Philosopher might here recall,
What the men were, who once possess'd this Hall,
What were their talents, and their actions here,
By what distinguish'd through a long career;

Review, with pleasure, each recorded name,
That liv'd a Patriot,—sought his country's fame.

The eighth centenary has seen to shine
'Midst England's Peers,—a Chief of Rawdon's line,
A noble Chief,[12] with talents which secure
High-rais'd esteem—and may it long endure.

When Britain's cannon, on a foreign shore,
Thunder'd its terrors, and destruction bore
Through hostile legions, in the recent wars,
Columbia wag'd—where warriors gain'd their scars,
His prowess stood confest,—th' astonish'd foe—
Felt he was brave—nor wish'd again to know.
Cool, yet intrepid; wise, to give command,
His zeal pursued what once his wisdom plann'd,
While all, that listen'd to his high behest,
Rever'd the valour which their Chief possess'd.
Thy plains, Hindoostan, and thy sultry clime,
Thy sable myriads—felt his virtues shine;

Shar'd that philanthrophy, which sought the weal
Of all thy children—strove thy wounds to heal,
Foster'd the men, who wish'd to make thee wise
In christian themes, and lead thee to the skies.
Thy Shasters—nor thy senseless Idols know,
Thee to direct—nor bless thee here below.
Gunga, nor far-fam'd Vishnoo's self can hear,
Nor Budhu help, though oft invok'd in pray'r;
Nor can the Ganges, with its mighty tide,
Wash off the stains with which thou'rt deeply died.
Ah! what avails thy rich exuberant land,
And cloudless clime, by balmy zephyrs fann'd;
Whilst thy fair shades, and spicy groves behold
Thy votive-gifts of blood, and crimes untold,
Thy foul infanticides,—whilst mothers smile!
('Tis nature chang'd) nor think it wrong the while;
Thine endless immolations, which proclaim
Thy moral degradation and thy shame?
Yet Britain pities, and her daughters weep,
Thy state, O India! and thy death-like sleep!
Whilst British hearts benevolent—combine—
Their christian energies, and zeal divine,

Thee to arouse, to teach Jehovah's laws;
And Chiefs, like Rawdon, aid the gen'rous cause.

Turn now, my Muse, from this extended flight,
Where other scenes recall thy roving sight.
Yon ancient mansion, (which has ages stood,
Deeply imbosom'd in the spacious wood,
Disfigur'd, chang'd, and ruinous, compar'd
With former splendour, which it once has shar'd,)
Was the fair seat, (but long has ceas'd to be)
Of fam'd, unhappy, Walter Calverley.[13]
Wreck'd in his princely fortune, fell despair
Seiz'd on his mind, and made him sorrow's heir.
His sullen brow, and dark beclouded face,
His fitful starts, and frequent hurried pace,
Portray'd the struggling anguish of a soul,
Where each fell passion held its dire control.
"A beggar'd offspring, must you crave your bread?
(The Sire would cry, then hold his fev'rish head)
Ah no, you shall not feel the world's disdain,
Perish from earth, nor live to curse my name."

Thick darkness reign'd, and night, profoundly deep,
Inlock'd each tenant of his Hall in sleep—
Not him—he wander'd with distemper'd breast
Through the lone rooms, nor gave himself to rest—
Dread deeds revolving, and the way—the time,—
Each should be acted :—dismal was the crime,
'Twas rage had madden'd—and 'twas hell impell'd
Thus to destroy—but heav'n one babe withheld.[14]

His wretched lady on that dismal night
Rested but ill—Strange visions mock'd her sight;
She sigh'd,—she mourn'd,—she startled in her sleep;
She mutter'd terrors,—then essay'd to weep.
Two angel forms, bright as the orb of day,
Stood near her couch, and smil'd in infant play;
Each form the mother could distinctly trace,
They were her children—fair each lovely face,
They beck'd approach ; but, as approach'd, withdrew,
Shew'd their dire wounds, and shriek'd a sad adieu !
Darkness then follow'd, gloom beyond compare,
And sighs of woe were heard, that rent the air.

She wak'd—Oh horrors ! What a scene in view !
Her mangled boy ! a dagger reeking, new
Stain'd with his life-blood—that the murd'rous Sire
Brandish'd infuriate—Then wreak'd his ire
On the fair innocent the nurse retain'd,
Clasp'd to her bosom, when the blow was aim'd.
Sprung from her couch, and fill'd with dread alarm,
The Mother sought to stay his frenzied arm ;
Caught to her own fond bosom, wild with fear,
Her infant Offspring, pierc'd; which perish'd there.
Sad sight indeed !—consign'd to early death,
Each quiv'ring bleeds—then yields its infant breath.
Thy heart Philippa, at the dismal deed,
Felt pangs unutter'd ; and but liv'd to bleed :
To bleed, in sad remembrance of a day
That dawn'd in blood, and saw thy joys decay :
A day—that saw thy babes bereft of life,
Thy husband prison'd,—thee, a wretched wife ;
Disgrac'd thy fam'ly, and, thy woe to crown,
Thy husband suff'ring from the law's just frown.

To various tales, the awful deed gives rise,
The weak believe,—the sober part despise:—
That, when the moon, emits her feeble beam,
At midnight hour, the troubled sprite is seen,
Bestain'd with gore; and walks in solemn mood,
O'er the fell spot, where flow'd his children's blood;
Reviews that spot, and terror seems to feel,
Where once his murd'rous hand had plung'd the steel:
Then, quick evanishes, at dawn of day,
With night's last shades, as horror-struck away.

Whilst o'er this deed the feeling heart laments,
The neighb'ring Town, another scene presents.
Near yonder rural Church, of gothic form,
Shelter'd from peltings of the bitter storm,
The honour'd dust of three,—one grave contains,
Dear in their lives, and blest in their remains.
Mary and Anna, with their father lie,
Enclos'd within the sacred cemet'ry.
Green grow the sods, that clothe their lowly bed,
Soft, are the slumbers, of the sleeping dead.

Upon the sacred mound, I lately saw
The humble daisy, and the kincup grow;
No lily-form did either flow'r display,
Nor throw a fragrance o'er the bed of clay,
Yet, from the station, where they lov'd to dwell,
Each was held sacred, as of sweetest smell:
Their lowly mien, accorded with the place,
Where fair they flourish'd in their native grace.

Mary!—thy days were few,—and soon thy sun,
His five revolving years through heav'n had run,
And scarcely five,—when lo! the summons came,
A burning fever seiz'd thy tender frame.
Chang'd were thy features,—sunk thy sprightly eye,
Thy spirit yielded with a gentle sigh,
Nor thine alone,—thy junior sister too,
Unwilling to repeat a long adieu,
Shar'd thy contagion—shar'd thy dying bed,
And ere she knew the world, she knew thee fled.
Enough she'd seen, though infant of year
To feel what evil was—and sorrow share.

Thy steps she trac'd to worlds of light above,
And hasted to her God, to share his love.

Just so, the op'ning flow'r its bud displays,
And, as we see it bloom, bestow our praise,
Watch the unfolding leaves—and mark the shade,
And think it lovely, when but half display'd:
When lo! a piercing blast, sweeps through the skies,
And nips the op'ning bud: it droops and dies.
So droop'd the lovely girls, nor liv'd to show
The charms existing, yet in embryo.
Keen was the blast, that nipt their infant bloom,
And thus consign'd them to an early tomb.
The father saw, and Oh! severe the stroke!
He wept and sorrow'd till his heart-strings broke,
And follow'd quickly to this sacred ground,
The dear-lov'd girls in whom his "life was bound."

His widow'd mate, disconsolate,—forlorn,—
Her weary journey now pursues alone;

Life's pilgrimage, that leads to brighter day,
And deep afflictions, mark the devious way.
How strangely chang'd the world to her appears,
Smitten in heart!—forgive the parent's tears—
Her loss was great,—insatiate death destroy'd,
All the sweet hopes her heart had once enjoy'd.
Connubial bliss,—domestic scenes are o'er,
And infant prattlings, now, are heard no more;
Sad is the heart a mother's fondness shar'd,
No joys remain, which have the loss repair'd.

But hush our murmurs, let our sorrows cease;
A morn approaching, brings a sweet release,
No rising sun will indicate that day,
No purpling cloud, or beam of golden ray,
The western sky with glory shall adorn,—
While angels shouting, usher in the morn:
Another sun, of more refulgent blaze,
Shall light the heavens, and the world amaze;
Shine, with resplendent beams of dazzling light,
And chase the gloom of drear sepulchral night,

Awake our sleeping friends,—unseal the eyes,
Long clos'd in death, and bid each sleeper rise.
Their barriers burst, the chains of death destroy,
And bid them welcome to eternal joy.
Cloth'd with immortal youth, by love divine,
Their ransom'd bodies shall in glory shine,
Sweet as the breath of morn : and angel-fair,—
Heav'n their blest home, and "each of God an heir."
Till then repose ; soft may your slumbers be :
God shall descend, and set each pris'ner free.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

Contents of Part Second.

Evening Scenery—Situation and appearance of Idle—Reflections on the days spent there in the Dissenting College—Literary pursuits—Character of Sedatus—Inanis—Rusticus—Nugator—Severus—Politus—Mimus—Panopsios—Philetes—Aretas—Profundus—Gamaliel—&c.

THE

VALE OF APPERLEY.

L'aura serena, che fra verdi fronde
Mormorando a ferir nel volto viemme;
Fammi risovvenir,————

PETRARCH.

GENTLY the sun, one summer's eve, withdrew
His genial beams, and ting'd with varied hue
Each flitting cloud, that mark'd the gilded west,
And shar'd his smiles, 'till low he sunk to rest.
My muse awaken'd—soft was ev'ry breath,
Around, there reign'd, the solemn still of death.
Save the deep murmurs of the flowing Aire,
Along its pebbled bed, that caught the ear
In undulating sounds, as zephyrs play'd,
Or died away, whilst on its banks I stray'd.
The distant hills, blest with the parting gleam,
Reflected by the sun, were dimly seen:

The deeper shades had cast a mantle o'er,
Concealing objects that their summits bore,
Or, dim displaying, to th' attentive gaze,
Each view that pleases, or that strikes amaze.
Days that are fled, now pass'd in quick review,
Their joys, their sorrows, and their labours too.
O Idle! though peculiar is the name,
I love thee much, and ever shall retain
My grateful love, whilst mem'ry shall remain.
No sculptur'd buildings,—domes,—or stately pile,
Thy village boasts;—all is of humble style:
No purling streams, or shady groves delight,
Nor rural solitudes, the Muse invite.
Reverse of this:—irregular and mean,
Most of thy buildings, and thy walks, are seen.
Some cots indeed, are scatter'd here and there,
Which, less unsightly, make the whole appear;
Yet, thy position on the rising hill,
With vales encircling, and with views that fill
The mind with pleasure, e'en a wish produce,
To quit life's turmoils, and to live recluse;
To court of solitude, its purest sweets,
In vales sequester'd, and in lone retreats.

But though peculiar, and inapt thy name,
Thy rising college [15] shall extend thy fame,
Thy glory, and thy boast, one day become,
And make thy Students proud, to call thee "home."—
Immur'd within thy walls, what days were past,
In quest of knowledge! But they fled too fast:
Whilst classic mines, of Greek and Roman lore,
T'was found a pleasure, daily to explore;
Or, cull the flow'rs presented to the view,
Displaying beauties, that seem'd ever new.

The pond'rous folios, of acknowledg'd note,
Sought by Divines, and which "the Fathers" wrote,
Were studied too:—and works of later date,
Abstruse, or clear, or stamp'd as complicate,
Pass'd in review,—and labour'd Themes which bear
Some giant names, were conn'd with studious care.
Whilst the polemic strifes of learned men,
Where mighty warriors, died beneath the pen,
Calmly were view'd: the station each one took,
On fields of conflict, and each field a book.

By some, a sturdy combat was maintain'd,
Vet'rans in action,—who had laurels gain'd:
All the manœuvres of their subtle foe,
They'd closely watch'd,—and warded off each blow.
But some, who wielded their proud weapons well,
With hopes of vict'ry,—by their Victors fell.
And others, merely skirmish'd on the ground,
Who soon evinc'd, their skill was not profound.
Yet, the review of actions, all like these,
Fail'd not to profit, and at times, to please.

Each branch of science too,—essential deem'd,
To fit for christian labours,—and esteem'd
By all the learned,—here, was duly taught,
And each book read, with information fraught.
Yet, all the utmost diligence attain'd,
Was but a point,—to knowledge that remain'd.
Man "but of yesterday,"—with all his care,
Comparatively knows as nothing, here;
Revolving ages, mysteries will unfold,
And yet the half, e'en then, shall not be told.

Eternity itself,—will seem a span,
Too short, for God to tell the whole to man :
Such stores of knowledge, boundless, lie conceal'd,
Such deeps immense, are yet to be reveal'd.

Various the taste, which mark'd each studious mind,
Evinc'd by books, to which he seem'd inclin'd ;
And labour spent, to make their worth his own,
In which, praise-worthy diligence was shown.

Sedatus—stood the senior on the list,
His presence, rarely from his Study miss'd ;
And all his "works," "smelt strongly of the lamp"—
And each production, of superior stamp.
Digested well his thoughts, in essays found ;
And though, sometimes prolix, yet always sound.
And, if his manner, (which his friends would blame,)
Was void of pathos, spiritless, and tame ;
Not so his matter, which display'd a mind,
Enrich'd by studies of the noblest kind.

Whilst, with the Muses, on Parnassus' mount,
He dwelt, and tasted of the sacred fount,
Th' inspiring waters, of immortal praise,
Sung by the ancients, in their classic lays.
Ingenuous his heart, sincere, and free,
And though, in learning fam'd,—no pedant, he.
Others might praise his clear, resplendent light;
He was unconscious that he shone so bright.
Humble and meek, he sought no vain applause,
His only aim, to aid his Saviour's cause.

Inanis, did not shine surpassing bright,
Talents he might possess, yet hid from sight:
Whilst, the contexture of his brain was such,
His daily studies, ever cost him much.
And yet, he plodded on his weary pace,
Anxious to shun, what some would term "disgrace."
Yet nought that shone, or indicated, mind,
Could keen observance, in *Inanis* find.
But whilst the man, was not reputed wise,
His was a *form*, no fair-one could despise;

Manly in aspect, with a sprightly gait,
That gave importance to his lab'ring pate.

But *Rusticus*,—appear'd a diff'rent man;
Boasted no polish,—honest,—blunt and plain;
The charms of rural life, and ploughman's fare,
He'd lately left, to seek some learning here.
Simple in manners, and in dress the same,
A face, Lavater, might have conn'd in vain,
A *tout-ensemble*,—difficult to name.—
But true his heart,—and warm on friendship's side,
Lov'd by the gen'rous, who his heart had tried;
While ev'ry day, his op'ning mind reveal'd,
The worth intrinsic, which had lain conceal'd.
Intense in study,—nought could daunt his mind;
He grasp'd and master'd, all his hands could find.
Quickly his roughness vanish'd, and, like gold
Purg'd of its dross, or gems of worth untold,
His genius shone,—brilliant, and clear, and strong,
And well-earn'd honors, shall reward him long.

Reverse of *Rusticus*, among the rest
Was one *Nugator*:—and by all confest
A very trifler, as his name implies,
Whom love of learning, ne'er could tempt to rise,
Too wise to learn, his self-esteem so great,
That wonder 'twas, he sought a College seat:
For, if he labour'd, (pardon this my thought,)
Applause 'tis fear'd, was all *Nugator* sought:
His great concern, and this was clear to see,
"What do the people think and say of me?"
And if applauded by the public voice,
(Not always prudent, where it fixes choice,)
His heart elated, seem'd no bounds to find,
While proud he laugh'd on those he deem'd behind.
Severus,—as a friend, would sometimes chide
This foolish spirit, and unseemly pride;
Warmly expostulate;—his folly show,—
Which poor *Nugator* since has liv'd to know.

Thy praise, *Severus*, would I here rehearse,
Yet weep thy destiny, in plaintive verse;

Sorrow had cast a mantle o'er thy years,
And mark'd thy footsteps in this vale of tears.
Imprinted deep upon thy sunken face,
Sad signs of trouble, which I still retrace.
Early depriv'd of thy maternal guide,
Thy heart, from virtue, soon was turn'd aside;
A base was laid, for premature decay,
But grace, preventive, check'd thy further stray,
Mark'd thee her own, portended better days,
While hope beam'd pleasing, with inspiring rays.
Resolv'd the steps, thy future days should steer;
Thy God to serve, and cultivate his fear;
And, if a talent, for "the work" were giv'n,
Thy fellow-sinners to direct to heav'n,
Earnest addresses, unto God, were made,
And here, at length, thy wand'ring feet were stay'd.
'Midst all the follies that could youth disgrace,
Thy love of learning, never lost its place;
Now, higher priz'd, securing just applause,
When consecrated to the Saviour's cause.
Pure was thy diction, erudite thy mind,
Select thy reading, and thy taste refined,

While thy mild heart, susceptible of woe
That others felt, could weep, and kindness show ;
Adopt their feelings, and a balm impart,
To heal a wounded, or a broken heart.
In sorrow's school, thyself hadst learnt to feel,
And enter deeply into other's ill.
Heav'n taught thee thus to feel,—for, love divine
Softens the heart, and makes each virtue shine.
Thy days of mourning now have reach'd their close,
And, in the tomb, thy weary limbs repose ;
Where adverse winds, reach not thy last retreat,
Nor tempests pit'less, on thy head can beat.
Beneath the grassy hill, thou'rt safely laid,
Where flexile willows, yield their solemn shade,
And seem thy fate to weep,—thy quick decay,
Yet faith proclaims, thou liv'st in brightest day.

Politus next, the gentleman complete,
Claims our attention, for his prurient wit,
A native talent, which he knew to use,
And how to wound, and how, at times, amuse.

His elocution, of superior cast,
Harmonious was his voice,—his action chaste;
Whilst his address, bespoke a polish'd mind,
Vers'd in the rules, esteem'd the most refin'd.
Frank in his disposition, each might read
His gen'rous soul,—from all deception freed.
Whilst christian zeal; which fir'd his ardent breast,
With prudence temper'd, was by all confest.
Mighty the object, which he kept in sight,
Men to reclaim, and set their wand'rings right.
Such was *Politus*, and, 'twas sweet to share
The friendship of a man with virtues rare;
Whose constant aim, and this each student own'd,
Was to promote the good of all around.

Poor *Mimus*, now, presents himself to view,
Completest mimic, mortals ever knew:
Exhaustless sources could he yield of mirth,
Whene'er he put his mimic talents forth.
An awkward gesture;—or an odd grimace,
Could *Mimus* imitate, with wond'rous grace,

That e'en the gravest, would sometimes confess,
'Twas difficult, their smilings to repress.
Himself the suff'rer,—time too well has prov'd,
Invet'rate habits are not soon remov'd.
A public teacher, with no style his own,
With various mimic'd,—and confin'd to none,
Completely ludicrous to him that hears,
Or sees his manner,—*Mimus* now appears:
Sometimes with hoarse, sonorous voice he speaks;
And then he whimpers, or he almost squeaks:
His face distorted, when he should be calm;
Serenely placid, when he should be warm:
And if pathetic—be the subject chose,
Perhaps he thunders, as denouncing woes:
Anon—he snarls,—or, gutt'ral sound emits;
And next he minces, and he smacks his lips.
All tones and gestures, foreign to his own,
In quick succession, are by *Mimus* shown.
The hearers smile, or, gen'ral pity feel,
While he's unconscious of the error still.
Poor hapless youth! retraction's now too late;
Enstamp'd thy character, and confirm'd thy fate,
By public voice, that forms its estimate.

Now sunk thy usefulness,—the fault thine own;
Early retriev'd, thou might'st a preacher shone.

Panopsios, was a youth of splendid parts,
Enrich'd by science, from her noblest marts,
By nature not incult,—she form'd his mind
For ardent studies,—classical,—refin'd.
His vent'rous soul would wing its lofty flight
To high empyreans; where his nervous sight
Seem'd to empierce the clouds, that hid from view
Things strange,—things vast,—unutterable too,
Wide his research, through all the learned lore
Books had contain'd,—or, Sages ponder'd o'er.
What look'd herculean, and, most minds would foil,
Calmly he combated:—nor reck'd his toil.
But labour like to his, with tender frame,
Shaken and debile, could not long remain:
A day was augur'd, one, of mournful gloom,
That quick approach'd, and brought an early tomb.
Struggling, his prison'd soul escap'd its cell;
A martyr to his books, *Panopsios* fell.

Deplor'd his exit; as they bore his bier,
Each Student wept the tribute of a tear:
Heard from his tomb, a voice, that seem'd to say,
"Had prudence govern'd,—I had liv'd to day."—

Philetes, his compeer, possess'd a mind,
Equal in greatness,—and not less refin'd;
As warm for heaven, and as deep imbued
With love to souls, whose good his zeal pursued:
But wisely regulated his career
Of mental discipline, though 'twas severe.
Health had a duteous claim, and this, preserv'd,
His mental faculties themselves were nerv'd.
The hours, in active recreation spent,
Imparted vigour, and the mind unbent,
Gave for remaining toils, a greater zest,
Than those enjoy'd, who gave the mind no rest.
And, would the Student prudently excel,
Let him arrange his hours of study, well,
To God—to man—to self—to friendship too,
Is such arrangement, such attention due.

What mighty talents,—splendid,—and caress'd,
By many,—have we known at times possess'd,
Where want of prudence, has induc'd a fate;
Wept by the Church, but wept, alas! too late.

Aretas, was a youth of less degree;
Meek, unaffected—form'd of courtesy,
Whose talents shar'd a secondary place,
Yet few, in learning, kept his equal pace.
Each day was mark'd, by some fair progress made
In useful knowledge;—which his themes display'd;
Nor did he e'er pretend to things unknown,
Unlearnt,—unfelt,—or really not his own.
While the esteem, his modest worth, had gain'd,
Was high—was gen'ral—and till *now* retain'd.
Some sparks of wit, at seasons would appear,
Which prov'd his judgment well-inform'd, and clear,
His taste correct,—by all the standard rules,
Th' wise acknowledge, and our learned schools.

And now *Profundus*, shall I name thee last ?
(The rest I leave,—of no peculiar cast.)
Silent and slow, his steady course he bent,
On learning, only, was his mind intent.
Whatever sallies might the rest allow,
Of wit, or humour,—on *Profundus*' brow
Nor smile approving, nor was laughter seen,
His temper was reserv'd,—austere his mein :
While sullen gloom would oft becloud his face,
Th' hidden cause, 'twas difficult to trace ;
His temper was a deep, to all around,
Yet, as a scholar, was *Profundus* sound.
Give him his due,—he labour'd with a zeal,
Which did him honour, to promote the weal
Of souls deep-plung'd in sin,—He mourn'd their state,
And urg'd repentance, ere it was too late.
Such was his language, such his solemn air,
None could dispute sincerity was there.
And some may rise, ere long, to bless the day
They heard his voice, and learnt salvation's way.

But should my Muse attempt to sing the praise
Of him,—who rul'd the College in my days;
In whom, the Friend and Tutor, were combin'd,
With sterling talents, of transcendent kind,
Her voice would fail,—discourag'd at the aim,
To sing, his utmost worth, in justest strain.
Small is the tribute, which the Muse can pay
To merit rank'd so high,—and 'bove her lay:
Yet, will *he* not the humble line disdain,
'Tis gratitude that prompts: No flatt'ry vain.
Mild, as some planet, wing'd in yonder sphere,
Which lesser orbs surround, and glister near;
The first illum'd by suns surpassing bright,
The latter, by each planet's borrow'd light,
Gamaliel shines,—(heaven has the radiance lent,)
Throughout a circle, of enlarg'd extent:
A moral circle, where his race is run,
Illumin'd first by Heav'ns own Living-Sun;
While each less name, that moves within his sphere,
Shines through his light, and also glitters near.
May his disinterested zeal be found
A lasting blessing, to the Churches round;

Long may he live, to fill his honour'd post,
And train in learning, a distinguish'd host
Of faithful lab'rours, in the sacred cause;
Whose highest aim, shall be Divine applause;
Whose zeal, enkindled by their Tutor's fire,
Shall burn, as brilliant, and as high aspire.
Then, like yon orb, which constitutes our day,
Whose journey clos'd, and set his golden ray,
Yet leaves, with glory ting'd, the welkin bound
Reflected long, upon the hills around,
Shall he decline,—his journey finish'd here;
Yet leave a token of his late career:
The course he run, shall each distinctly trace,
And bless his name—when death has veil'd his face.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

Contents of Part Third.

RECREATIONS during the intervening hours of Study—Thackley-Fount—Rosse-Wood—Idle-Hill—Views from thence—Moral Reflections—Recollections of other Scenery—Home Recreations.

THE

VALE OF APPERLEY.

Ombrose selve, ove percote il Sole,
Che vi fa co' suoi raggi alte e superbe ;

PETRARCH.

WHAT hours of recreation, once enjoy'd
From ardent labours, and in what employ'd,
Sing next my Muse:—'Tis pleasing to review
Years which are fled, and all their mercies too;
To mark each incident, that touch'd the mind,
Nor fail'd to leave some lasting trace behind.
The crystal spring, in Thackley wood-lands found,
Where trees umbrageous, throw their shadows round,
Guarding the fount, impervious to the rays
Of summer's sultry sun, and noon-tide blaze,
Shar'd oft our visits, to enjoy the sweets,
Yielded, by floods and shades, in those retreats.

Once plung'd, beneath the cold, translucent wave,
A genial glow was felt, which vigour gave,
The tinge of health, flush'd all the features o'er,
And each chang'd face, a sprightlier aspect wore.
Nor here alone,—though oft we here repair'd;
The well-known fount at Rosse, our visits shar'd:
A charming spot—recluse—where all combin'd
To please invariably, a studious mind.
Beneath a sloping hill,—where shady trees,
Wav'd their high summits to the playful breeze,
The gurgling flood was found,—half-hid from view,
By sloes and eglantines that round it grew,
Where various songsters of the feather'd race,
Found a safe covert in the lonely place.
Near to the fount, appear'd a limpid stream,
(And moss, and cresses, in its bed were seen,)
Gently, it urg'd its murm'ring,—devious way,
And look'd, half-willing, to prolong its stay,
While many a wave-worn stone, with gentle force
Join'd to prevent the streamlet's further course.
At times, the flood was hid, where osiers spread
Their flexile branches, and a cooling shade.

Wild blue-bells, 'neath each tufted copse were found;
And violet-banks, perfum'd the air around;
With each wild-flow'r, that shew'd its modest face,
'Neath some low shrub, in this sequester'd place,
Fragrant, they paid their homage at our feet,
Nor truant hands, e'er pluck'd them from their seat.
A narrow path, conducted through the wood,
'Tween rev'rend Oaks, which might have ages stood,
And tow'ring Elms, whose branches strove to form
A sylvan shelter, from the sun,—or storm.—
Each sturdy trunk,—hoar with the wintry-blast,
Sternly maintain'd its seat, enrooted fast,—
While op'ning vistas, here and there between,
Shew'd the deep vales, and groves of living green.
Pleasing the view, each rising object yields,
Of scatter'd villages, and verdant fields,
And spacious woods, that deck the prospect round,
Yielding their solemn shades, and gloom profound,
While Aire, meand'ring, in the vale below,
Finish'd the landscape, by its gentle flow.
A hill, contiguous to this rural wood,
With verdant sides, and pointed summit stood,

Attain'd its height, a landscape, op'ning wide,
Swell'd on the sight,—and pleas'd on ev'ry side.
Where towns, envelop'd in a cloud of smoke,
Bounded the distant view, and all bespoke
Labour and commerce, and the scenes of trade,
And noisy bustle, which that commerce made.
The distant hum of men, would oft appear,
(As fancy thought;) to strike the list'ning ear,
And made it feel a luxury to be
A moment all alone, from turmoil, free.
Though, 'tis confess'd by ev'ry christian Sage,
Life, has its cares, in which we must engage,
When each, must join the bustle of mankind,
And leave the "joys of solitude," behind.
Blest are the moments, which at times we spend
In the sweet converse of a bosom friend,
Where mutual sympathy, is felt to flow,
And cares are lighten'd, which had bow'd as low.
Heav'n has form'd man, with powers of noble kind,
Lower than angels; but, of deathless mind;
And *he* may rise as high in heav'n, as they,
When disencumber'd of a load of clay.

While mental joys, that angels ever prove,
In holy converse, and the purest love,
Are sometimes felt by mortals, even here,
Where faith exists, with piety sincere.
Nor deem it strange, such favours should be giv'n
To men, who dwell upon the verge of heav'n,
Who, on the wings of faith, can soar away,
Through the blest regions of eternal day.

A northern view, presented to the eye,
Extended vales,—and mountains climbing high,
And wastes uncultur'd,—Yet of these I sing,
Bespread with fern, and moss, and dwarfy-ling.
The latter, with its gay, empurpl'd hue,
Enrich'd in autumn-months, the landscape view,
While swarms of bees, toil'd thro' the live-long day,
Each sweat extracting, which they bore away.
A western view, would many scenes recall
Beyond the hills, where Wyre, and Ribble, roll;
Bearing along each tributary stream
To where the ocean flows—and sea-gulls scream,

And mighty vessels, fearless ride the main,
Where the huge billows strive the skies to gain.
What days were wander'd on the pebbl'd beach!
To search the furrows of each wave-worn reach,
For some fair shell, (when hush'd the roaring storm,)
To mark the wisdom of each curious form.
Nor less of weeds,—which deep in ocean grew,
By storms uprooted, when fierce north-winds blew,
Cast then afloat, and driven to the shore,
Form'd for some use, and Wisdom's impress bore.
Beauty appear'd in all, nor fail'd to please,
In all its shades, or different degrees;
The mind impressing, with a lively sense,
Of wisdom,—goodness,—and omnipotence.
The ocean's roar, the dashing of the flood;
Re-echo'd by the cliffs,—that awful stood,
And shew'd their hoary fronts, and hollow'd caves,
Where sea-mews dwell,—nor reck the angry waves,
Form'd a wild sea-scene,—whilst each swelling breeze
Sigh'd thro' the caves, and skimm'd the ruffl'd seas;
Bore on its wings a balm, of costly name,
Health to the sick, and brac'd his nerveless frame.

And now ascended on a rising ground,
When ev'ning shades were gently falling round,
And Sol was sinking in the western sky,
Dimly we might some distant land descry.
To north, lay stretch'd the well-known Isle of Peel,
Where dreary ruins are existing still,
Forming a sea-mark, by each shatter'd tow'r,
For wary mariners, when tempests low'r:
Recalling scenes of many a darker age,
When proud they stood, and mock'd at Neptune's rage,
But ruthless time has marr'd at length their pride,
Wasting their ruins each returning tide.

Where treach'rous Wyre its muddled water rolls,
And sweeps along o'er moving sands and shoals,
While its dark flood has oft engulph'd the crew,
Dash'd their frail barks,—expos'd as wrecks to view,
Reft in a moment, some dependent charge,
Of ev'ry hope,—cast on the world at large:
On those wild shores, what lonesome days were past!
A child of woe!—the sport of many a blast.

But so our time glides on, commix'd with cares,
A muddled stream, that on its surface bears
Unthinking mortals to the vast abyss,—
Unbounded seas of wretchedness,—or bliss,—
Where swelling billows shall forever roll,
And angry tempests roar, and lash the soul:
Nor port in sight, nor hope of gaining land;
Shipwreck eternal, with no help at hand.
But if reverse,— this awful fate we miss,
And time convey us to the seas of bliss;
There, gentle gales, beneath an azure sky,
Shall swell our sails to all eternity:
Nor storm,—nor cloud,—nor tempest, hov'ring near,
In that horizon, ever shall appear.
Then,—like to pilgrims here, 'tis wise to dwell;
Short is the sojourn,—may the close be well!
Let the world seem a waste,—or lonesome shore,
Or distant land,—the pilgrim wanders o'er;
Let the drear tempest howl around our head,
Heav'n will defend us,—what have we to dread?
If God be known, his presence will impart
Joy inconceivable, to cheer the heart;

And light to guide, through shades of moral night
And moral death, to worlds of living-light.

While thus reclin'd beneath the sunny-hill,
My fancy rov'd, and fondly travel'd still;
Haunted the scenes of field,—and wood,—and glade,
Where oft, Urania, has your Sylvius stray'd,
Fled are the days,—forever fled away,—
Whilst woods and oceans ever seem to stay,
Still charms presenting, as the seasons change,
And nature, varies thro' her mighty range.

One summer's eve, as wont, we hither stray'd,
And silent sat, within the sylvan glade,
Softly there stole upon the list'ning ear,
The plaintive sonnet of a maiden near,
Wild was her look, sunk, her cerulean eye,
And oft her bosom heav'd a deepen'd sigh:

Hark! the loud tempests howl
And deep peals of thunder,
See! the swell'd ocean roll:
The ship parts asunder.
Hark! 'twas the vessel crash'd,
Midst cries of the dying:
Some to its beams are lash'd,
The raging deep plying.

Then, sunk my Alfred, deep
Engulph'd in the billow,
Where the sea-nymphs retreat,
Beneath the sea-willow,
Where groves,—not of spice,—
But of sub-marine trees,
The Mermaids entice,—
As they wave in the seas.

Safely hide him below,
Deep entomb'd in some cave;

Where your coral-rocks grow,
Beneath the green wave;
Till the sea yields its dead,
When my Alfred shall rise,
From his rock-coral bed,
And ascend to the skies.

Lo! his Ellen shall weep,—
Shall his early fate mourn;
And her heart sacred keep,
Till she reaches the bourn,
Where her Alfred she'll meet,
Nor part more forever;
And their bliss be complete,
Where death cannot sever.

Thus sung the maiden, with a look forlorn,
Her hair dishevel'd, and her garments torn;
While ev'ry feature in her pensive face
Was wild, yet innocent, and full of grace.

Poor hapless maid! thy joyous days are o'er:
May Alfred meet thee on a happier shore!
When dreary winter cast a mantle o'er
Each sylvan scene, which oft had charm'd before;
When north-winds keen, came sweeping thro' the land,
And stript the groves, once summer's zephyrs fann'd,
Hoarse murm'ring, thro' the late frequented shade,
Where wood-larks sung, and hopp'd about and play'd:
E'en then, the lonely walk would sometimes please,
Though tempests threaten'd, and were stript the trees;
Or hoary frost had cloth'd each bending bough,
And fleecy clouds had spread the fields with snow.
These scenes sublime of winter's awful store,
Would waft the thoughts to Spitzberg's dismal shore;
Where snows-eternal, hold their frozen seat,
Nor tree,—nor shrub,—the stranger's eye can greet;
But nature languishes, and seems to die,
Beneath the rig'rous and inclement sky.
Foxes and bears,—of these, a num'rous host,
Reign the sole monarchs of the gloomy coast,
Imprint their savage feet,—each frightful trace
Snows only whelm,—or blust'ring winds efface.

Here dwelt six years a wreck'd and feeble band, [16]
Escap'd in this inhospitable land.
The shaggy bear,—some monsters of the deep,
Amphibious kind,—compris'd their only meat,
While the poor mariners would oft expose
Themselves to danger, to hunt down their foes.
Dreary and sad, they pass'd their wretched days,
Nor future prospects serv'd their hearts to raise,
The snow-capt mountains of enormous height
And frozen vales, would ever meet the sight,
And seas of ice,—encircling oft a shore
Incult by man,—none ventures to explore :
A wand'ring ship which storms had thither borne,
At length releas'd them from their home forlorn.

When torrents, pouring thro' the op'ning skies,
Deep-drench'd the fields, and caus'd the waters rise,
Forbid such walks, and close confin'd at home;
The leisure hour not always pass'd alone :
With valued friends the time has quickly flown,
Whose souls congenial suited to my own.

Sweet was the converse that we oft enjoy'd,
Sweet were the moments that were so employ'd.
And still, Urania, where your lot is cast,
Friendship's fair joys you're not forbid to taste:
Th' enlighten'd circle of a favourite few
Whose hearts you've prov'd, and ever found them true,
Has cheer'd your days,—beguil'd of various cares,
Sooth'd all your sorrows, and dried up your tears;
Forbid their flow, or flowing, wip'd away
With balmy hand, nor suffer'd long to stay:
Then pointed to the skies, yon realms above;
And smil'd and said, "Eternal be our love."—

END OF THE THIRD PART.

Contents of Part Fourth.

VALE of Apperley continued—Kirkstall-Forge, its sylvan situation—Kirkstall-Abbey—Its peculiar beauty in ruins—Monks—their character—learning—manners—Influence of Monachism on society—Frauds of the Monks, &c.—Closing Reflections.

THE

VALE OF APPERLEY.

La tua fortuna tanto onor ti serba,
Che l'una parte e l'altra avranno fame
Di te:

DANTE, *Canto* XV.

PURSUING now the windings of the Aire,
Thro' verdant meadows deck'd with flow'rets fair,
And sweet as fair:—we pass each object by,
For other views enchanting to the eye;
Till Kirkstall-Forge (a novel sight 'tis true,
Midst sylvan scenes) presents itself to view:
Charming the spot for such a gloomy trade,
In woods imbosom'd, and profoundest shade.
Astounding thunders strike th' astonish'd ear,
And smoky columns in the air appear;
As if fam'd Vulcan here had fixt his seat,
And join'd the Graces in their lone retreat.

Loudly the woods re-echo,—thunders roll,—
As pond'rous hammers on the anvils fall;
The valley trembles 'neath the stranger's feet,
As he approaches this obscure retreat.
And now is seen a race of smutty men;
Grisly their features,—such is Vulcan's train.
Hoarsely the bellows blow,—each furnace glows,
And steel and iron, yield to massive blows.
While various instruments in shape appear,
Form'd 'neath the hammer, for destructive war,
Or use domestic,—as the order calls:
No matter what,—but so the hammer falls;
Let trade be brisk,—and bring a quick return,
This heats the fires—and makes them fiercer burn.

Next burning lava,—seen in liquid flow,
Is pour'd in various molds, to undergo
Some destin'd shape:—so quick each skilful hand,
'Twould seem the action of some magic wand.
Then, squares and circles, in the sand are trac'd,
And vessels wrought of each peculiar cast;

No common pow'rs requires this Vulcan art,
To form exactly each component part.

From Kirkstall-Forge, a shady path-way leads
To the lone Abbey, (fam'd for ancient deeds:)
A venerable pile—of gothic form,—
Winds long have rock'd,—and many a winter's storm.
A stately building once,—in days of yore,
When proud, the crucifix its turrets bore;
When monks and friars, and a popish race,
Sought and possess'd each vale and fertile place,
There rear'd their Abbeys, splendid to the eye;
They might with palaces of Princes vie.
Such was this place, a zealous monk had plann'd [17]
A building most magnificently grand;
Rich in its wood-land views,—a pleasing site,
Where Aire contiguous steals its gentle flight
Through the deep vale; while ev'ry rising hill,
Cloth'd with rich foliage, seldom fails to fill
The stranger with delight, who wanders o'er
Each varied scene, and thinks of those no more.

What alter'd features thro' the lapse of years!
A perfect column scarcely now appears,
Dismantl'd roofs,—and tow'rs,—and naked rooms,
Where ivy creeps—and day-light scarcely comes;
Where bats and jackdaws,—creatures deem'd impure,
Have found a lodging-place, and dwell secure.
Where, thro' the lengthen'd night, the luckless bird,
Known by its dismal screech, is frequent heard;
While woods and ruins, all re-echo round,
And vibrate wildly with the doleful sound.
Strange tenants truly of this sacred place!
Are these successors of a Monkish race?
Yet these inhabit where such men have dwelt,
And in their chambers each its nest has built.
The few carv'd figures, round the Abbey plac'd,
Of Saints and Worthies, now are seen defac'd:
The ruthless hand of time, sad havoc's made
Of all the grandeur that was once display'd.
How chang'd the sight, since first the Abbey rear'd
Its princely head,—and was by all rever'd;
When early matins ev'ry day were said,
And ev'ning orisons devoutly paid;

And when the deep-ton'd organ's trem'lous peal
Along the spacious aisle, was heard to steal
In solemn sounds;—and swell'd upon the ear,
And seem'd to say,—"With rev'rence worship here."—
Then, was the Abbot's voice distinctly heard
Before the Altar,—where he low, preferr'd
His ardent pray'rs,—with crucifix in view,
And heav'n beseech'd to keep him ever "true."—
While rev'rend Monks, with cowl and sable vest,
Each loud responded, and the same express'd:
But mix'd devotion, ('twas a darksome age)
With pray'rs to angels,—that they might engage
Their intercession with the "Prince of light,"
Or that of Saints,—and deem'd such worship right.
Yet even here,—amongst a holy race,—
A Judas dwelt,—and Satan held a place.
And shaven heads and cowls, and monkish dress,
Full oft conceal'd a form I could express:
Nor deem me wrong,—nor judge me too severe,
In cens'ring men so void of holy fear.
Candour may urge that nothing should be said,
Grossly reflecting on the long-since dead,

But Truth requires, (tho' Vice may hate her sight,)
Nefarious conduct should be brought to light.

Yon noble choirs, where lofty columns rise,
With spacious arches of magnific size,
Have yet withstood the shock of ev'ry blast,
While parts contiguous, to the ground are cast.
Grandeur in ruin thro' the whole is seen,
Denoting well—what once the place has been;
For now, in pacing thro' the lengthen'd aisle,
And looking round the venerable pile,
An awe-religious, steals across the mind,
Deep as 'tis solemn, when such scenes we find.

Yon range of windows, of extended line,
To North and South, which bear the marks of time,
Serv'd once t' admit a dim—enfeebl'd light
Within the nave,—obscure—like shades of night,
Or close of ev'ning,—when the shadows fall,
Casting a deep and solemn gloom o'er all.

Splendid the Eastern-window once appear'd
When first the Abbey and the Church were rear'd;
But hands profane, have spoil'd its pristine form,
Join'd with stern winter, and each angry storm.
Near,—stood the altar,—grand,—and costly too;
And here—the emblems were expos'd to view
Of our religion;—where in sculptur'd stone,
And finish'd paintings,—ev'ry scene was shewn.
The bread—the cup—the thorns—the knotted wand,
The cross—the nails—the spear—the Roman band:
The scenes impressive,—which our feelings move,
And claim remembrance of a Saviour's love,
Were all depicted by the Artist's pow'r;
But now have perish'd,—and impress no more.
No altar stands,—nor windows,—once the pride
Of ages past;—all—all have been destroy'd.
The boist'rous winds now whistle through the squares,
Where painted figures shone, thro' lengthen'd years,
And drenching torrents, from the op'ning skies
Now pour unhinder'd—where was seen to rise,
The massy pillars,—and the frescoed roof,
Once to intrusion of the season's proof,

While heav'n alone, the canopy now forms,
And all is open to the sun, or storms.
The western front,—now cloth'd in living green,
Has long been fam'd;—so picturesque the scene,
Where mantling ivy,—as with sinews strong,
Spreads o'er the whole, and firmly creeps along,
Binding the stones,—and forms a pleasing shade
Around the arches, where its tendrils spread.

The cells and dwellings, of which wrecks remain,
Where monks were cloister'd, next attention claim.
Chang'd are the tenants: here no more they pace,
Elms deeply rooted, have assum'd their place,
Spread wide their branches, and produc'd a gloom,
Through ev'ry cell, and ev'ry cloister'd room,
Still deeper, than the narrow'd squares of glass,
Through which the straggling light, was seen to pass.
And while beneath the shady boughs you stand,
And view the ruins,—and esteem them grand,
The wind sighs sad, around, or, deeply moans,
Or, whistles wild and melancholy tones,

A part enclos'd,—the Cemet'ry, 'tis said ;
Where ages past, the monks interr'd their dead,
Is still to strangers, by attendants, shown,
But so transform'd it scarcely could be known,
As once devoted for the last retreat
And silent dwelling, where the dead must meet.
Parterres of flow'rs,—and aromatic beds,
Are now display'd :—and lilies rear their heads,
Where monks are resting in profound repose,
Unconscious of each sweet that o'er them grows.
The low Hepatica,—th' Forget-me-not,—
Have chosen both,—the consecrated spot ;
While snow-white lilies, which the air perfum'd
Smile as lov'd emblems of some few inhum'd :
Whom love to God,—and rev'rence for his laws,
Induc'd to labour in Religion's cause.
Who, by transcribing through the lengthen'd day,
Some sacred page, had hop'd t' illume the way
For distant ages, through the shades of night ;
And lead to worlds of everlasting light.

But ah ! Urania, 'mongst the flow'rs are found,
Some noxious weeds upon this sacred ground,

That seem to indicate, aneath your feet
Lie some inhum'd,—whose mem'ry's not so sweet,
Yielding no fragrance,—grateful,—or refin'd
While here they sojourn'd,—but of sensual mind:
Vicious in life—and indolent of soul;
Whose carnal passions never knew control;
Who 'neath the sable vest, and visage grave,
Full oft conceal'd a most accomplish'd knave.

Thus, where the scented lily may appear,
The deadly night-shade may be growing near;
The former, pleasing by its well-known sweets;
The latter, hated for its dread effects.
The first, we pluck, and praise its grateful smell,
But leave the last, with noxious weeds to dwell.

As here we pause, and think of ages past,
The mind recalls each man, of varied cast,
For learning celebrate, and high esteem,
Or riches great, or poverty extreme.

Of ev'ry kind, as still, are 'mongst us known,
From the high-polish'd, to the country clown:
Who all met here,—and each pursued his aim,
And died unheeded,—or acquir'd a name.
Of some—no doubt their aims were strictly pure,
They shunn'd the world,—and here they dwelt secure:
Not from temptation,—or the pow'r of sin;
This dreaded pest too often reign'd within:
The world's seductions might be 'scap'd indeed,
But in their hearts, there lurk'd full many a weed.
For,—'tis a truth that must not be denied,
With strong temptations even *monks* were tried,
I need not name them, or a statement give;
Too many, on the page of hist'ry live.

But truth admits, thro' many a darksome age
Learning has flourish'd here,—and 'scap'd the rage
Of lawless hordes, who trampled to the ground,
The arts and sciences, where these were found.
Some zealous monks, preserv'd with pious care,
Each passing circumstance, remote, or near,

Compil'd their hist'ries, and made them known,
Which haply, to our times, are handed down.
Thus, if our Abbeys are by some condemn'd,
As fost'ring indolence,—as they pretend,—
And superstition,—and some baser crimes,
One sweeping charge, must not condemn the times.
In various instances it will appear,
Both piety and learning, flourish'd there:
And though, too oft, a hypocrite disguis'd,
Skulk'd there to loiter: Some were truly wise:
But don't mistake me, and suppose I plead,
For such erections:—I rejoice indeed,
Our age enlighten'd from their pow'r is freed.

But still, the practices of most, were found
Greatly pernicious to the country round,
For outward actions of devotion seen,
And rules restrictive,—form'd a slender screen,
That fail'd to hide, from some who learnt to read,
The tricks of monks,—and each unhallow'd deed.
For lust,—intemp'rance,—and impure desires,
Too oft were cherish'd, 'neath the holy choirs;

Nor Abbot's vigilance, tho' 'twere severe,
Could always hinder their intrusion here.
Whate'er religion in the cloister'd cell,
Some few well-meaning monks possess'd,—'twas well,
Could they preserve their consciences from stain,
When daily mixt with men, of worthless name.

What tables with profusion richly stor'd
With ev'ry dainty could the monks afford:
What feastings were enjoy'd the live-long day,
By those secluded but to praise and pray!
Who talk'd of abstinence!—and proclaim'd aloud,
"Flesh must be mortified!"—and dup'd the crowd.
High Heav'n vindictive, had observ'd the whole
Of such hypocrisy:—and doom'd their fall,
Clos'd such strange deeds, of infamy and sin,
Which 'neath religious mask, too long had been.

But now suppose, abuse had been unknown,
Within these buildings,—that religion shone

In all its lustre,—and the monks secure
Were hither 'scap'd, from ev'ry thing impure:
If they indeed possest such boasted light,
Why leave the moral world involv'd in night?
Why shine in cloisters, and conceal a ray,
Man would have blest, and chas'd the gloom away?
Sure this was selfish, nor could God approve
A principle so void of gen'rous love,
Which seem'd to shun the world, and hate its guile,
Yet lov'd not man, nor sought his good the while.
Had Heav'n thus acted with our guilty race,
Where would have been the gospel-beams of grace?
Unheeded—and undone,—nor refuge near,—
In darkness plung'd, we'd perish'd in despair.
God was beneficent,—and prov'd his love,
Sent his own Son, to guide our feet above;
Made on the world, his sov'reign mercy shine,
His pard'ning grace,—his attributes divine:
Taught man to live for man,—not self alone;
And each to Him, who makes such mercy known.
How much perverted is the sacred cause
By those, who would the glorious light enclose

In monast'ries,—and hide the hallow'd flame,
Instead of lighting others to " the Lamb,"—
Widely diffusing splendour thro' their sphere
That all might see the light,—and hold it dear.
But time, that governs with resistless sway,
Changing the face of things, as seen to day,
Has chang'd the manners of the passing age,
And calm'd this spirit of monastic rage.
Some dar'd, at length, of bold intrepid soul,
To break their fetters,—and expose the whole
Of such deceptions, practis'd on the crowd,
Who, Heav'n knows, too long to monks had bow'd.

Then, certain relics, which had been esteem'd
Through many an age,—and very sacred deem'd:
To which devotion blind had oft been paid,
Were cast aside, too long a monkish trade:
The Virgin's milk,—on which the vulgar gaz'd,
And held so sacred,—and the marvel prais'd,
Wond'ring that lapse of years could not destroy;
Was found at length a cheat,—a monkish toy.

An ass's milk,—or cow's,—or goat's was used;
No matter which,—the people were amus'd:
"The Holy Cross"—(as gravely stated then,
And sold in particles, for mighty gain,)
Was also found a cheat:—and things rever'd,
As beads and crucifixes, disappear'd.
Some tons of timber, (ask not whence it came,)
Had thus been sold, "the Holy Cross" its name!
While skulls and bones, from cemet'ries around,
In ev'ry Abbey with the monks were found;
Who prais'd them, as of saints, who had achiev'd
Some mighty good,—which many dupes believ'd:
And wond'rous cures were oft perform'd, 'twas said,
By such-like relics of the sainted dead.
How long existed for such things, a rage,
Is well attested in historic page. [18]

A brighter sun, now constitutes our day,
And such delusions have been chas'd away,
Truth, like a radiant beam, shines from the page,
Of that blest Book, which should our hearts engage,

Without appeals to Councils, later known,
Who laws enacted that we dare not own.
That Book's the standard now, where christians meet,
Draw thence their creed,—and bow at Jesus' feet,
Him, Head acknowledge, of the "christian cause,"
And deem it wise, to own alone, his laws.
No man,—nor set of men,—have right to frame
New laws, the Church to rule,—and pass the same,
Such conduct is, (the least that can be said),
Insulting to the Church's glorious head.
The Scriptures, with authoritative tone,—
Teach all the truths essential to be known,
Each doctrine, fallen sinners must receive,
Give their assent, and firmly too, believe:
Rely entirely on redeeming love—
For their acceptance to the world above,
Pure let their worship be, with heart sincere,
And humble outward forms, and God will hear.
Buildings are nothing,—but 'tis always where
Believers worship, God himself is there*

* Exod. xx. 24. Matt. xviii. 20.

Wise is that Teacher, be whate'er his name,
Who dares to practise, and such truth proclaim.
But here I pause, and leave polemic strife
To those who love it;—and devote my life
To Him who gave it,—while his sacred word
Shall be my guide,—and he, of conscience, Lord.
And when I visit objects such as these
Presented by the Abbey,—which may please,
As scenes romantic, of the graver kind,
Which some admire of strong ascetic mind;
Be this my aim, before I thence depart,
To draw some moral to improve my heart.

END OF THE FOURTH PART.

MINOR POEMS.

LINES

COMPOSED ON REVISITING SOME BEAUTIFUL SCENERY IN THE

Neighbourhood of Castle-Howard,

ONCE ENJOYED IN THE COMPANY OF A FRIEND ON THE EVE OF HIS DEPARTURE TO A FOREIGN CLIME.

In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbræ
Lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet;
Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt,
Quæ me cunque vocant terræ.

VIRG. *Æn.* I. 611.

THE landscape is the same!—yes, charming still;
The woods—the fields—the hills—the vale the same;
And, as I sit upon this sacred hill,
Pleas'd could I count them each again by name.

Yon Sun's the same, that shone with cheering rays,
When One now wand'ring on a foreign shore
Here sat,—and with me on the landscape gaz'd,
This view enchanting which he sees no more.

The clouds that flitted in the western sky
Bore some resemblance to yon fleecy forms,
Some ting'd with gold,—and some of purple dye,
Long since dispers'd in dews,—or beating storms.

Yon splendid Temple to Minerva built,
With noble pillars of Ionic cast,
And whose interior is superbly gilt,
Looks yet uninjur'd by the wintry blast.

What rolling Suns have shone upon its dome,
What threat'ning clouds of darkness, hover'd round,
Since last this sylvan glade, I chanc'd to roam,
And since reclin'd, upon this spot of ground!

Yon spacious building on the rising hill,
Where Doric columns add such noble grace,
Presents to me, a solemn aspect still,
"The Mausoleum",—of the Howard race.

Dread dormitory! where the dead repose
In solemn silence, till the awful morn,
When ev'ry tomb its treasure shall disclose,
And myriads unto life again be born;

I cannot view thee without pensive thought,
Tho' pleasing scenes enchanting round thee smile;
Thy sight reminds me of the destin'd lot
Of rich and noble, of the poor and vile.

But what avails it where the dust shall sleep,
In graves inhum'd,—or where is seen to rise
The Mausoleum,—or in Ocean deep?
Devouring death shall yield again his prize.

The great Redeemer with a splendid train,
Bright as the summer Sun's meridian blaze,
Shall burst refulgent on the dark domain
Of dreary death—with life-inspiring rays.

Yon wood romantic,—of extended line,
Which hides the Castle in this landscape view,
Majestic to the eye—whose leaves combine
Autumual tints of ev'ry varied hue,

Looks yet the same—as when 'twas view'd before ;
Yet angry winds have stript its lovely face,
Full many a time, of all the charms it wore,
And winter wrapt it, in its rude embrace.

But now 'tis gay,—while yon expanse below
Of silv'ry-water, that reflects the sun,
And serves its dazzling form—serene to show,
With him recalls the seasons that have run.

What changes have I known, since last imprest
With all the scen'ry that I now behold!
What anxious feelings has my heart possest!
What pungent sorrow thro' my bosom roll'd?

Nor light that sorrow that o'erwhelm'd my mind,
When call'd to sep'rate from a friend endear'd,
Who lov'd this glade; here sat, and here reclin'd,
And caus'd this hillock to be so rever'd.

My heart foreboding on that honour'd day,
Told but the tale which since has prov'd so true;
The scene we then beheld, with hearts so gay,
Would soon be hid forever from his view.

Distance immense, would shortly intervene,
And mighty billows of the trackless seas;
And then, farewell to this enchanting scene,
And ev'ry object that now serv'd to please.

O'er Afric's burning sands,—thro' desarts drear,
Inhospitably wild,—where tigers roam,
And tribes untutor'd dwell, devoid of fear,
Thy soul advent'rous dar'd to seek a home.

Fancy beholds thee oft, with pensive face,
And sickly form, beneath a torrid sun;
And hears thee sigh, as oft thou dost retrace
The circling seasons that thro' Heav'n have run;

The seasons—since we bade a sad farewell,
With tearful-eye, and hearts oppress with grief,
And mournful countenances, such as tell
Unutterable pangs without relief.

The rugged hills, and each sequester'd dell,
Scatter'd so thinly o'er a mighty space,
Which Flora decks with flow'rs of fragrant smell,
To throw some charms across each desart place,

Shall but remind thee, as they're wander'd o'er,
(And savage beasts may startle at thy sound)
Of Albion's cliffs,—of Britain seen no more,
And vales and flow'rets in her bosom found.

Luckless may be thy fate, tho' visions gay
Tempted thy footsteps, and seduc'd thy heart;
And told of joys of some approaching day,
To be possest, if hence thou wouldst depart.

And yet, had duty call'd to join thy lot,
I could have travell'd to a distant clime;
Thy dangers shar'd, and sharing heeded not,
Blest with a friendship glowing pure as thine.

But Heav'n forbade; and soon I learnt its will,
And bow'd submissive to the Great Supreme:
Here wander lone, and feel thy absence still,
And know full well—what parting seasons mean.

Ah me!—my throbbing heart is often sad;
Such changes seem to rend my very soul:
Sable the shade with which my mind is clad;
Its rising tempests will not own controul.

But there's a world, where changes are unknown,
Or changes such as fill with sorrow here;
Where kindred spirits meet before the throne
Of Him who form'd them,—may my friend be there!

My soul look forward to that promis'd day,
Brave ev'ry danger, and superior rise:
The joys of Heav'n shall thy griefs repay,
And God himself, wipe tears from weeping eyes.

THE

MIDNIGHT STORM.

HARK! the mighty billows rolling,
Loud the tempest's dreadful roar,
Now the seaman's heart appalling,
Who would hail with joy the shore;
Midnight horrors veil the heaven,
Ev'ry star is wrapt in sleep;
Tempest-tost, and fiercely driven,
Is yon bark upon the deep.

Strangely wild, and heart depressing,
Deeply melancholy sounds,
Swell upon the ear,—expressing
What the feeling heart astounds.
'Tis the wind that whistles hollow
Sighs aloud,—or dreary moans:
'Tis the awful scenes that follow,
Floating wrecks,—and dying groans.

When the skies began to lower,
Fearful blasts did then prevail;
Earth and ocean felt their power,
Death rode threat'ning in the gale:
Foaming surges, heaven mocking,
Now become the seaman's bier;
While the sea-worn cliff is rocking,
Sea-gulls scream wild requiems near.

Louder still the gale increases,
Fiercer still the shore is lash'd,
Nor its rage a moment ceases,
Till the bark a wreck is dash'd.
Many matrons, ere the dawning,
Will be widows, be bereft,
Lost to hope, and plung'd in mourning,
And their children orphans left.

Sleep this moment flies their pillow,
Fancy paints some corpse their own,

Floating on the gulphy-billow,
Or upon the sea-beach thrown.
Hapless sea-men, sons of dangers.
Ye who tempt the pathless deep,
Tho' to tempests some are strangers,
They have learnt for you to weep!

When the storm is heard to rattle
(Tho' on land we seem secure,)
When the elements in battle
Wage, and make destruction sure;
Thousand prayers are then ascending,
Unto him that rules the sea,
That he would, each bark befriending,
Think, poor Mariner on thee.—

INSTABILITY OF HUMAN GREATNESS.

Ah! je sens, qu'en milieu do ce grand phénomène
De ce tableau touchant, de cette terrible scène,
Tout élève l'esprit, tout occupe les yeux,
Cœur seul un moment se repose en ces lieux.

JOSEPHINE. [19]

THUS sung a heart with care opprest,
Which hail'd no gladsome morrow;
Hurl'd from a throne she late possest,
And plung'd in deepest sorrow:
Now by the Sire she lov'd—rejected;
Now by her friends—despis'd,—neglected.
Another fav'rite shares the throne,
Which Josephine had call'd her own;
And he who grasp'd at Europe's sway
And half accomplish'd his desire,
Chas'd from his bosom far away,
His Princess, with relentless ire;

Sunk from the splendour of a throne,
And doom'd a wand'ring poor Forlorn :
With ruthless hand each tender tie
Was wrench'd—dissolv'd—and, ah! for why?

While Alpine cliffs, which proudly rear
Their frozen summits to the skies ;
And deeps-unmeasur'd, yawning near,
Arrest and strike th' astonish'd eyes ;
Proclaiming to the musing stranger,
Almighty pow'r—and warn of danger :
Yet fix'd not that poor roving heart,
Deep-wounded,—stung with rankling smart :
A resting place it sought in vain ;
Earth yielded none,—her peace was slain.

Had the unfort'nate Princess look'd,
To fairer hills than earth can show,
Where mercy reigns—she might have brook'd
The sorrows which had bow'd her low.

A refuge there she would have found,
A Saviour who could heal her wound,
A friend unchanging—and a sphere
Where sorrows never interfere ;
A throne—unshaken and secure,
And joys unmingled,—sinless,—pure.
Earth yields not these :—its fairest joys
Are tarnish'd,—mix'd with base alloys.

That heart which seeks for solid bliss
In ought the moral world presents,
Forever will its object miss,
And prove this soon, by deep laments.
Religion yields the only pleasure,
Unsullied—'tis a heav'nly treasure.
Friends oft desert—the world deceives,
But here's a balm that never fails ;
Our keenest anguish it relieves,
And cheers when sorrow's self assails :
In this, each grief-worn child shall find,
A joy that gilds the christian-mind.

PARTING.

AS dew drops of the early dawn
When fair Aurora wakens morn,
Glitter on the rose's head ;
And cause its bending form to weep
In crystal tears, surpassing sweet,
Such tears as roses shed !

So were the lucid tears that stole,
From fair Myrtilla's peerless eye ;
And told the language of her soul,
Attended with a struggling sigh.
Her drooping head with dew-drops hung ;
For, grief her tender heart had wrung.

And like the blush, when day-light breaks,
And gently opes the eastern sky,

Such the suffusion of her cheeks,
And such the lovely crimson dye.
For pungent sorrow fill'd her heart
With fears, her friend would soon depart.

But as the sun with radiant face,
The shades of night can soon displace,
And usher in the day ;
So clouds of sorrow disappear'd,
And hope once more her spirits cheer'd,
And chas'd the gloom away.

Just as that orb, when seen to rise,
With beams refulgent in the skies,
Exhales the morning dew,
Did hope, this other sun as blest,
Beam cheering in Myrtilla's breast,
Exhaling dew-drops too.

The deeper shades of blushing hue
Soon from her lovely face withdrew:
The lily—and the rose,
Seem'd now combin'd with gentle grace,
To smile again upon that face;
And all was hush'd repose.

ANTICIPATION.

HOW we admire a verdant lawn,
And love an azure sky;
And spacious vales to gaze upon,
And brooks that bubble by!

But what are verdant lawns below,
And vales, and azure skies,
Or gentle streamlets, seen to flow,
Or tow'ring hills that rise?

And what are all the charms of life,
And sweets of friendship here;
Or what's the world, with all it's strife?
Such scenes will disappear.

But there's a world of higher joys,
A world of brighter scenes;
That world is plac'd in yonder skies,
Death only intervenes.

Why should we wish to tarry here?
Why tremble with dismay?
That swift-wing'd Time is hast'ning near,
The last, th' appointed day.

That change will make the pious blest,
And far remove from woe;
Heav'n is the Christian's promis'd rest,
And not this world below.

EBENEZER.

FAR distant, in a land of strangers,
Ebenezer breath'd his last,
Midst desert-wastes, and threat'ning dangers,
Where his hapless lot was cast.
Bold he cross'd the mighty ocean,
Eager sought a foreign shore;
While, 'tis fear'd, the only portion
That he sought, was worldly lore.

Yet at leaving, manly sorrow
Fill'd his eye,—and swell'd his heart:
But no friend would see a morrow!
When they should meet again—nor part—
Hapless youth—why leave thy country?
Leave the circle of thy friends?
Could not love—nor home restrain thee?
Nor the sweet that home attends?

O'er Columbia's forests dreary,
O'er the mountains,—thro' the glens,
See him faint, and sad, and weary,
As to Leb'non now he tends.
There disease his frame assailing,
Dire and rapid in its course;
No physician's aid availing,
Nought to stop its mighty force.

See him pale—and weak extended,
Lying on his sickly bed;
Not a friend the scene attended,
Strangers held his dying head.
Then they bore him to the dwelling,
Which is cold—and dark—and drear:
Could the strangers for him feeling,
Shed upon his grave a tear?

Quickly flies the news distressing,
Borne on waves,—and urg'd by winds:

Friends, his dear remembrance blessing,
Vent the anguish of their minds !
Ebenezer now reposes—
On Columbia's distant shore,
Who shall strew his bed with roses ?
Who, his early fate deplore ?

Perhaps the hemlock, and the thistle,
Now may clothe the lowly spot ;
While the night-winds howl and whistle,
But he sleeps, and heeds them not.
Nought shall wake his leaden slumbers,
Till the Trump of God shall sound ;
Rising then, with countless numbers,
May his soul with God be found !

HOPE REALIZED.

WELCOME, welcome, little stranger!
Welcome—to a parent's breast;
God preserve thy life from danger,
God preserve and make thee blest.

Climes of sorrow thou hast enter'd,
Where the nights are dark and drear;
Yet upon these shores thou'st ventur'd,
And we're glad to see thee here.

All thy sorrow we will lighten;
Yes,—we'll yield our fost'ring care:
Who can tell? the days may brighten;
Ev'ry cloud may disappear.

Welcome, babe!—long expectation;
God in thee has answer'd pray'r:
Now to him, in dedication,
Thou art lent, and to his care—

Live to fill a useful station,
Live for God, and live for man:
May thy zeal bless wide creation,
Making known Salvation's plan!

This—thy parents have requested;
Utmost of their wishes here:
O may He with glory vested,
Deign to lend a gracious ear!

Then both happy and contented,
We on earth should close our eyes,
Blessing God, who had consented,
To our wishes,—and our cries.

When we reach yon blissful dwelling,
Where shall reign eternal joy,
Where are wonders ever telling;
We will welcome thee, my boy!

We before the King of Heav'n,
Will present thee at the throne:
Here, behold the charge once given,
To thy servants,—now thine own!

A

MOTHER'S LAMENT.

ALAS! my hopes are fled,
Just at the break of dawn,
A voice proclaims—"The babe is dead"—
And sad I mourn.

Mysterious change indeed!
Yet shall I dare repine?
Or wish th' arcana deep to read
Of love divine?

Shall I resist his will?
Or murm'ring dare to cry
Why does the sov'reign Ruler still
My faith so try?

Forbid it mighty Lord,
I should dispute thy love ;
Submissive—I revere thy word—
Thy will approve!—

'Tis true, the babe's no more,
Death snatch'd her soon away ;
But faith beholds her on yon shore
Of brighter day.

'Tis there my child I trace,
Standing before her God
In shining dress—with smiling face,
In that abode.

Perhaps she sees us weep
To view her little form,
Inlock'd profound in death-cold sleep,
And from us torn :

To see her swathing clothes
And all her infant dress,
Exchang'd for shrouds, and that repose,
The dead possess.

Perhaps she smiles to see
The tears we mourning shed,
And whispers,—"Sorrow not for me:
I am not dead."

"That form I've left below,
And which shall be inhum'd,
Shall sleep, till angel-trumpets blow
Then be resum'd."

"Not as a babe appears,
An infant of a day;
But angel-like, mature in years,
And bright as they."

"What storms I've scap'd below,
Where clouds by winds are driv'n!
Such seasons here we never know!
For this is heav'n."

"Calm is our cloudless sky,
Eternal sun-shine gleams,
And here in flow'ry meads we lie,
By living streams."

A thousand cherubs fair,
Range thro' this world of light;
That could you be a moment here,
You'd bless the sight."

"Cease then my loss to grieve
Nor shed the mournful tear,
I wait with *sister** to receive
Your spirits here."

* Jennet.

" Of all the spirits-blest
Who grace this happy seat,
Your children, gladder than the rest,
Your souls shall greet."

PROGRESS OF THE GOSPEL.

LINES

WRITTEN ON CONTEMPLATING A DISTANT VIEW OF THE

Yorkshire Wolds.

WHENE'ER I view yon distant hills,
Whose summits hail the dawn of day,
My heart with strange emotion fills,
And thence my thoughts wing wide away.

My fancy travels with the Sun,
As round the mighty world he shines;
And views the nations one by one,
From whence he rose—till he declines.

O'er Asia's fair prolific clime,
Where nature sports her richest dies,
Wantons in sweets, which all combine
To please—I cast my roving eyes.

There turban'd nations meet my view,
Throughout a vast extended space;
Pagan, Mahometan, and Jew,
All strangers to redeeming grace.

And where the Sun gilds Asian plains,
Her vales, and hills, with beams so bright;
An awful moral darkness reigns,
Drear as the fell Egyptian night.

Hindoostan's sultry shores present
Heart-rending scenes of crimson die;
O'er which the Christian will lament,
And inly weep—and deeply sigh.

Her grim-fac'd Idols carv'd of wood,
Her plains bespread with pilgrims' bones,
Her altars smear'd with human blood,
Her fun'ral piles—and widows' groans,

Are moral proofs of man's sad fall,
Of Satan's influence on the mind,
Which Bramins can't refute at all, [20]
And all their Shasters prove them blind.

Their Temples and Pagodas found,
Rear'd unto gods of endless name,
Where forms obscene are painted round,
Serve to proclaim their reckless shame.

Nor Birma, nor Malaya yields
A brighter prospect to the mind;
Though fair their groves—and rich their fields,
Sad is the people's state, and blind.

O China! jealous of thy coast,
And self-esteem'd surpassing wise;
What are the creeds thy mand'rins boast?
What thy Mythology—but lies?

Thy swarming provinces display
Darkness, and death, and sights of woe;
No beams-divine yet light thy way,
Thro' this dark vale of sin below.

Impervious yet appears thy gloom:
Of Christian truths, high thy disdain;
All-hail the morn that yet shall come,
When Jesus o'er thy land shall reign.

Then shall thy Monarch's mandates fail
To check the swift-wing'd beams of light;[21]
Heav'n's righteous Sun shall yet prevail,
And chase away thy dreary night.

Then Persian Parsees shall adore
No more the Sun which gilds their sky, [22]
But Him who form'd it by his pow'r,
Who shines a brighter Sun on high :

Whose mild, yet more refulgent, rays
Shall yield more glories to the soul,
Than nature's sun in noon-tide blaze,
Yields to the worlds that round him roll.

And Persia's sweet and polish'd tongue,
Which sounds harmonious to the ear,
Form'd to express in beauteous song,
The charms which in her land appear,

Shall flow in softest, sweetest strains,
When call'd to sing redeeming grace.
Dear is the theme—and justly claims
The warmest tribute of her praise.

While Turkey shall renounce a name,
Renounce the fables with it too,
Cherish'd for ages to her shame;
Nor longer deem the Koran true.

Her splendid Mosques shall not resound
With Imam's pray'rs:—preferr'd in vain.
Santons nor Dervises be found
Throughout her coasts, when Christ shall reign.

The arch Mahomet, by his creed,
Shall dupe his votaries no more;
Earth, from his base impostures freed,
The true Messiah shall adore.

Arabia shall her homage pay,
Nor be the last to swell the train,
When "Jacob's Star" illumes the way,
And gilds her moral dark domain.

Her fiery Samiel's dreadful blast,
And whirling desert-sands that rise,
Brav'd by her sons for ages past,
To seize the trav'lling bands, their prize,

Shall then be fear'd; or fear'd that Pow'r,
Who, by a blast, could stop their breath;
Then call their trembling souls before
His dread tribunal, after death,

Her wand'ring tribes shall soon present,
A soften'd feature to the view;
When each Bedouin-Arab's tent
Of predal fame—shall grace subdue.

Lo! Afric's sons of sable shade,
Throughout their kingdoms shall behold,
The Saviour's rising grace display'd,
And hail his radiant beams of gold.

Though Thebes and Memphis shall no more
Swell on th' astonish'd stranger's gaze ;
Nor gilded palaces that wore
Such splendour—'neath the solar rays :

(For drifting sands o'erwhelm the plains,
Where each once proudly rear'd its head ;
While wreck of neither now remains,
But catacombs of endless dead :)

Yet shall a glorious building rise
In Egypt's land, thro' grace divine ;
God is the Architect—and wise,
And " living stones" in that shall shine.

Barbaric Moors—a Moslem race,
Who dwell where famous Carthage stood,
Stretch thence their pow'r throughout, a space
Where ancient warriors shed their blood :

Where the last Punic war beheld,
The Roman legions wreak their ire [23]
On their proud foes,—whom they compell'd
To yield,—and saw their pow'r expire:

Where valiant Hannibal has fought,
And Scipio gain'd a laurel crown;
The Gospel there—with blessings fraught,
A mightier conq'rer shall make known.

Lo! high on his triumphal car,
(A blood-stain'd banner marks his way)
Shall Afric's nations from afar,
Behold him ride—and own his sway.

Her num'rous tribes of uncouth name,
Which dwell beneath a torrid sun,
Fierce and untutor'd,—grace shall tame,
Already is the work begun.

The Hottentot and Caffree Kraal,
And savage Bushman's cheerless hut ;
The heav'nly beams of grace shall hail,
And darkness from their land be shut.

Yes, Afric's sons shall yet be free,
And Christians weep her cruel wrongs :
Afric a brighter day shall see,
And all her tribes learn Zion's songs.

Now Christian Europe strikes my mind,
And all the varied scenery there ;
Its teeming millions of mankind,
Its temples which to God they rear.

But Christendom of which we boast,
Enjoying such superior light,
Has much of pristine splendour lost,
And here and there 'tis dark as night.

Its subdivided party names,
  Its fiery zeal and jealous fears,
Too loudly to the world proclaims,
  Here, antichrist a standard rears.

And yet in all the nations round,
  (For all we witness is not dross)
What pious bands may yet be found,
  Which rally round the Saviour's cross.

E'en where "the man of sin" has reign'd,
  And kept in bondage many a soul,
And strong with fetters, held him chain'd;
  Grace has resum'd her mild controul.

Again Italia's vales shall smile,
  And Greece shall yield a rich perfume,
And each contiguous, well known Isle,
  Rejoice new glories to assume.

From "Point Europa's" southern bound,
To "Nova Zembla's" frozen main,
The songs of Zion shall resound,
And ev'ry nation catch the strain.

While Russian deserts vast and drear,
Where stormy Winter holds his throne;
Checks by his frowns, and cold severe,
The timid flow'r when scarcely blown.

Shall yet behold amidst her snows,
A lovely fragrant flow'r bloom,
A fair exotic, "Sharon's Rose,"
And smile amidst her desert gloom.

Siberia's dismal Steppes shall see
(That wilderness of wilds unknown)
Heav'n's gifted "Flower"—and agree—
To cultivate it as her own.

And hollow blasts which rage at times,
Shall only serve to waft its smell
O'er the wide wastes of frigid climes,
Where wand'ring hordes of heathens dwell.

Hail Britain !—highly favour'd land,
Thou lovely Eden, beauteous, fair !
With endless charms, surpassing bland,
What nation can with thee compare ?

What heav'nly glories shine on thee,
Thou gem of Isles of cherish'd fame !
Thou lovely Empress of the sea !
And distant lands shall bless thy name.

The sacred torch of truth divine,
Lights thy deep vales, and gilds each hill
Gleams thence afar, while strains sublime,
Thy num'rous hallow'd Temples fill.

Columbia's distant shores have caught,
The music as it rolls along ;
And myriads of her sons have sought
The pleasing echo to prolong.

Her savage Indian-yells shall cease,
And war-whoops shall be heard no more,
When Jesus the mild "Prince of Peace"—
Rules the wide world from shore to shore.

No hostile chief of ruthless fame,
Shall then exult with conscious pride
O'er some scalp'd foe—or white-man slain :
O'er garments wtth blood-crimson died.

From Greenland's wild and gloomy coast,
To fam'd Magellan's stormy strait,
Grace shall its conquer'd millions boast,
Awaken'd from their death-like state.

The frigid, temp'rate, torrid zones,
Each realm of every diff'rent hue,
In yon "New World" of varied tongues,
Shall learn of Christ, and love him too.

Nor shall the triumphs finish here,
Of Him who bled upon the tree;
His standard shall his heralds rear,
In ev'ry Isle of ev'ry Sea.

Lo! in yon vast Pacific Main,
Which rolls its flood on unknown shores,
And whose discover'd lands contain
Nations whose state the heart deplores:

E'en there, some verdant Isles are seen,
And lovely does each spot appear;
For Nature clothes with living-green,
Their fragrant groves throughout the year:

But grace bestows a higher boon,
Her glories on each land has risen ;
And where 'twas midnight—now 'tis noon,
Each brooding cloud to distance driven.

Pomarre late held regal sway,
(He's now enthron'd in higher skies)
Grace taught the Prince to cast away
His "foolish gods," and call them "lies."

His great Etoo (an Idol vain)
Within the dread Morai plac'd,
Where human victims oft were slain,
And rites observ'd, the land disgrac'd,

Hurl'd from its stenching rude-built throne,
Was soon with other idols burnt ;
And Temples rear'd to God alone,
And themes of his salvation learnt.

Now Otaheite smiles anew ;
Her sons and daughters, known thro' fame,
Present unto the Christian view,
A lovelier feature,—lovelier name.

All-conq'ring grace—what wond'rous change
Thy bloodless vict'ries can display :
Well may the "world esteem it strange,"
And pow'rs of darkness feel dismay.

Ride on thy Gospel-chariot still,
Earth's vast circumference shall see
Thy peerless glories, which sha'l fill
The world : And all submit to Thee.

And as thy Chariot moves along,
Nations shall hear its distant roll,
And hail thy coming, with a song,
Which shall "resound from pole to pole."

Spread wide thy beams of living-light,
Thou "Morning-Sun" of life-divine;
A universe of suns is night,
Where thy eternal glories shine.

Sin's darkest caverns form'd on earth,
Empierc'd with thy refulgent ray,
Pour from their murky dwellings forth,
Each captive soul, to Gospel-day.

Haste the Millennium's promis'd morn,
Yon breaking clouds portend it near;
See o'er the hills, the purp'ling dawn,
All-hail! the promises appear.

TO THE

SWEET SCABIOUS.

SWEET modest flow'r! I love thee well—
Borne on the summer ev'ning's breeze,
When zephyrs frolic in the trees,
I've caught thy honey'd smell.
Though gayer tints than thine are seen,
And some fair flow'rs of statelier mien,
Court the admiring eye;
The toilful bee long lingers near
Thy sweetly-scented atmosphere,
Nor loves to pass thee by.

And when the last deep-purple shades
Stream'd in the western sky from far,
And mildly rose the ev'ning star,
To gild the silent glades—

When dews distill'd in gentle show'rs,
And fill'd with pearly-drops the flow'rs,
Whose leaves were widely spread ;
Thy fragrance then surpassing sweet
Has wanton'd round, while at my feet
Droop'd low thy pensive head.

Lo ! on the stillness of the night,
Broke Philomela's plaintive song,
Which list'ning groves re-echo'd long,
As conscious of delight.
O nature ! thou hast charms sublime,
The wisdom of a hand divine,
Through all thy works I see ;
And lovely hues and grateful smell,
And warbl'd notes of Philomel,
Have endless sweets for me !

THE

WEEPING-WILLOW.

YON spreading willow, by the river side,
Whose drooping branches, pensive, seem to weep,
And shade the waters as they gently glide,
Its form reflecting in their bosom deep,

Reminds me, mournful emblem! of the ills
So often witness'd in this world of woe!
Of scenes the mind with pungent sorrow fills,
And cause our tears in copious streams to flow.

How oft, where yonder Gothic building rears
Its venerable steeple to the skies,
The widow'd matron have I seen in tears,
Bent o'er the grave where low her husband lies!

Of children too, (but here would sorrow swell
And deeply agitate her troubl'd breast;)
Could fond remembrance of their pratt'lings tell,
For ever hush'd! and seal'd in leaden rest.

Thou tree of sorrow! let thy branches spread
Their mournful—solemn—emblematic gloom,
Around that form that comes to weep her dead,
And pour her feelings on the sacred tomb.

Thy weeping figure—bending to the ground,
Full well accords with her's who 'neath thee weeps,
And feels a mournful pleasure to be found
Beneath thy shadow, where her treasure sleeps.

Of other sorrows could her bosom tell,
Of sickness—penury—and friends unkind;
Lone—and disconsolate she's left to dwell,
And few to soothe her bitterness of mind.

Her partner gone !—who mingled once his tears,
He whom she lov'd—for whom she seem'd to live,
Who was her shelter thro' some lengthen'd years—
Of him bereft ! ah ! well her heart may grieve.

Weep, tree of sorrow ! with the mourner weep—
O'er her recumbent form thy shade extend ;
Thy sympathetic aspect serves to keep
Alive—remembrance of her sleeping friend.

THE WOODBINE.

THOU lovely Wood-bine of the dell !
Mellifl'ous sweet thy morning smell,
When early dew-drops fill each bell
Of thy dear flow'rs.

How wild that ranging form of thine !
That loves so carelessly to climb,
Or, round the sturdy-oak entwine,
That proudly tow'rs.

Thy slender shape and pliant mien,
Which well might serve thy life to screen,
When blust'ring winds sweep o'er the green,
And, frowns the sky.

Yet save not thee—sweet vernal flow'r :
And angry clouds begin to low'r,
When winter-blasts exert their pow'r,
Then thou must die.

Thy grateful hues avail thee not,
Nor fragrance yielded grove or cot,
Such kindnesses are all forgot,
When seasons change !

Flora resigns her goddess sway,
Her kingdom which look'd once so gay,
Must winter's hoary-sire obey
Throughout her range.

Such as the woodbine may appear,
Is infancy—a season dear—
A thousand charms then serve to cheer
A parent's heart.

These tendrils of a gentler kind
Than woodbines yield:—and firmer bind,
Than aught beneath the sun we find,
We feel must part.

For wintry-death, with icy-hand
And chilling blasts at his command,
Shrouded with clouds, stalks thro' the land,
And marks each flow'r.

At his dark frown their colours fly,
And shrinking! sick'ning! soon they die;
Their fragrance hast'ning to a sky
Beyond his pow'r.

THE FOXGLOVE.

URANIA! have you never seen,
In crossing o'er the desert-waste,
The well-known Foxglove's purple mien,
Or 'neath the hedges as you past?

'Tis true the flow'r no fragrance yields,
To scent the light and playful breeze;
And yet no flow'r of yonder fields
Is half so gay—or more can please.

The fav'rite of an early day,
I lov'd to pluck it when a boy;
To blow its bells in youthful play,
Then crack them in my hands with joy.

The bee that hums its winged flight
To visit mead,—and hill,—and dale,
Would sometimes stop—and here alight,
And on some hidden sweet regale.

And when I pluck'd, I sometimes found
The little drudger hid within:
Then quickly dropt it to the ground,
But not before I felt the sting.

But mark, Urania, Ah! 'tis strange!
This fav'rite flow'r of lovely hue,
So fair in form, that nature's range
Presents no richer tints to view.

Yields a fell poison from its leaves,
A soporific juice, 'tis said,
He, who the nauseous dose receives,
Must pillow soon a dying head.

Thus, where the bee extracts its sweets,
And bears a honey'd load away,
Another *insect* poison meets !
And falls at once to death a prey.

And can no moral hence be drawn ?—
Sin's flatt'ring sweets look bright and fair :
But when we make the flow'r our own,
We find both sting and poison there.

OSWIN.

O'ER the wide wastes where Godeland-dale is seen,
(A name of later times—unknown of yore,)
Surrounded by bleak hills—unclad with green,
Rude and incult, as stranger wanders o'er.

Oswin, a chieftain bold, once bent his way
From ancient Streanshalh,* St. Hilda's home:
His fair possessions to the Southward lay,
A princely mansion could he call his own.

'Twas then stern Winter rul'd the chilly North,
Th' unprison'd winds swept fiercely o'er the main,
Loud roar'd the seas, and angry bellow'd forth;
Earth and deep ocean, felt the gloomy reign.

* Whitby.

The wood-nymphs all, to milder climes were gone,
Fair Flora had resign'd her gentle sway,
Phœbus shone dimly, and but seldom shone;
And each sweet songster had declin'd its lay.

When Oswin, who nor fear'd the frowning skies,
Wrapp'd in his tartan-plaid, bestrode his steed,
Pass'd the dread precincts of the Blue-Bank's* rise,
Then urg'd his courser to redoubl'd speed.

Friends press'd his stay—till late—'twas thoughtless—wrong,
The sun was closing fast his swift career:
Lov'd Everilda deem'd her Oswin long,
And chid his tarry, fill'd with boding fear.

Fierce rag'd the storm, and bitter was the cold,
The clouds were charg'd with winter's awful store,
And drifted snows, forewarn'd the chieftain bold,
'Twas vain—unwise—t'attempt the pathless moor.

* The awful Cliff near Sleights.

Yet hope impell'd—yet hope his breast inspir'd,
And whisp'ring said, "the storm will soon be past;"
When lo! his courser dropp'd—where fell, expir'd,
And left him lone, to brave the ruthless blast.

Ere long, the sullen shades of night o'erspread
The skies with gloom: deep horror seiz'd his mind;
The rushing storm beat furious round his head,
And statue-like he stood the whirling wind.

Alone—bewilder'd—and benighted,—where
Descending snows conceal'd the stranger's way,
A momentary cloud of dark despair
Veil'd his whole soul, and fill'd with wild dismay.

A frightful ravine yawn'd on Oswin's left;
This could he gain, tho' drifts would interpose,
A shelter might be found within some cleft,
Till the pale-moon, with wish'd-for beams arose.

He gain'd it not! that hour the wind moan'd sad;
The distant howl of wolves broke on his ear,
And feebly folding round his tartan-plaid,
He sunk in death! the cold-white snow his bier.

No balmy hand then wip'd his clammy brow;
No soothing accents cheer'd his dying hour;
Nor tender bosom wept: The virgin-snow
Pillow'd his head, and storms wreak'd all their pow'r.

His fun'ral knell, was the lone bitt'rn's cry!
Heard, at short intervals, athwart the gloom;
His mourners were the winds, whose solemn sigh
Swell'd with the storm, and told his hapless doom.

That hour, fair Cynthia rose, full-orb'd and bright,
Shone thro' the breaking clouds with silv'ry ray;
And seem'd to linger o'er the sad-lorn sight,
And lave with dewy-beam the lifeless clay.

Oh Everilda! 'twas not thine to see,
The tombless scene, the luckless fate of One
Dear to thyself, as kindred soul could be:
He sunk!—he perished on the wilds alone!

Oft would thy nursling orphans lisp his name,
A name endear'd—which once could give delight,
That lives no more!—a loss, which wreck'd thy frame
With sad remembrance of that dismal night.

BINCLIFF-HILL.

———————— Credula vitam
Spes fovet, et melius cras fore semper ait.

YON rural dwelling on the wood-land side,
Whose pleasing aspect is a peasant's pride;
Where flocks, and herds, and each domestic race,
Are grazing round the venerated place,
Was my maternal home—I sing its praise,
The hallow'd scene of many former days.
Each object there, presented to the sight,
Recalls some act,—retrac'd with fond delight,
On which I dwell; and seem once more to live
In scenes departed,—and beyond retrieve.
The spreading oak that tops the spacious fold,
An age has rock'd,—and which might well look old,
Yet smiles in vigour and in youthful prime,
Uninjur'd by the marring hand of time;

And yet its lofty head, in nodding form,
Has oft been bow'd, and rudely, by the storm.
I've watch'd it wave, in winter's awful scowl,
And heard the tempest thro' its branches howl;
Listen'd with boyish thoughts the awful sound,
And fancied wind-gods in the clouds around:
Each rolling volume thro' the darken'd skies
Fixt my attention and produc'd surprize.

In genial months when verdure cloth'd the trees,
And rural objects never fail'd to please;
When Flora deck'd the fields and smiling meads,
And lovely flow'rets rear'd their gentle heads;
My fav'rite oak, with charms amongst the rest,
Smil'd then anew, in verdant foliage drest.
A pliant bough that taper'd to the ground
I call'd my horse! (for such with boys are found;)
Safe mounted here,—beneath the cooling shade,
Most of my journeys in this way were made.
My purse untouch'd;—some pence its only store:
Rode when I pleas'd,—and when I pleas'd, gave o'er.
Talk'd loud of countries that I meant to see;
My station always 'neath the shady tree.

The neighb'ring copses yielded ample store
Of grateful fragrance that the sweet-briar bore,
And ranging wood-bine—and the hedge wild-rose,
And each sweet shrub that in this season blows.
Borne on the gusty-breeze, I caught the smell;
Inhal'd the rich perfumes,—and lov'd them well;
Listen'd at intervals the wood-lark's note,
And prais'd the sweetness of his warbling throat.
Such days were happy;—and such scenes beguil'd
My earlier years, when only deem'd a child.
E'en then the shadows of a deepen'd grove
Possess'd a something that I seem'd to love;
And sweets of solitude which some have cloy'd,
Sincerely I esteem'd and much enjoy'd:
Wander'd o'er hill and dale,—and learnt to prize
The charms presented to my roving eyes:
Or thro' the tangled-brake,—and covert shade,
Or mazy lab'rinth, where some young were laid,
Urg'd my determin'd way, with cautious tread;
To watch the nestlings in their mossy bed:
My steps, though gentle, in approaching near,
Wak'd the young innocents,—yet void of fear.

Wide op'd their beaks, and crav'd a new supply
Of children's food,—and thought a parent nigh,
The anxious parents, who had mark'd the scene,
Nor knew what my intrusion there could mean,
Presag'd some ill ;—and flutter'd round distrest,
And told the feeling of each tender breast ;
'Plain'd loud in sorrow,—as of all bereft,
Nor ceas'd their wailings till th' intruder left.
Too well I lov'd the wood-lark's cheerful song,
To steal the callow brood ;—'twas cruel, wrong.
This truant pastime ne'er had charms for me ;
All that I wanted was the young to see ;
This having gain'd,—and pleas'd in gaining this,
I left the charge that form'd a parent's bliss.

Maturer years, which oft produce a change
In mental feeling,—and full oft estrange
The heart from objects—which the mind improve,
Yet deeper fix'd for rural scenes my love ;
Taught me besides to soar by faith on high,
And range thro' worlds beyond the starry sky ;

Through spotless Edens,—such as angels know,
And fairer sights than witness'd here below;
Where forms divine—on heav'nly objects gaze,
Each form itself a sun—of noon-tide blaze;
Making the impress of a hand divine,
In works celestial and beyond our line.

A fruitful orchard that adjoins the farm,
Well stock'd with trees—well shelter'd—snug and warm,
Induc'd me frequently beneath its shades,
To take my lov'd and silent promenades;
Where early blossoms, open'd to the sight,
Vermilion—pink—and delicately white;
And gentlest shades, that seem'd to intervene,
Besplangled with unfolding leaves of green;
While many a bending bough, that here was found
With blossoms loaded—swept the verdant ground;
Smiling in loveliness with each bright scene,
Above—below—azure, and em'rald green.
So nature throws her tints of richest hue
O'er each fair landscape rising to the view.

And now, when eve approach'd, with gentle sway,
And length'ning shadows mark'd expiring day,
Leaning on yonder gate, that points to west,
I watch'd the setting sun retire to rest;
Shorn of his beams I saw him soft decline,
To rise on other lands, and there to shine.
A thousand clouds that sported in review,
Dwelt on his parting smiles—and bade adieu;
And then, as conscious of a loss sustain'd,
Dissolv'd in dewy tears, and earth regain'd,
Wept in each spreading flow'r a crystal flood;
The ling'ring zephyrs in amazement stood,
Kiss'd the fair mourners—whisper'd coming day,
Then bore on balmy-wing their sweets away.
Soft as the gentle gales that swept the sky,
And shook the trembling leaves, and past me by,
Where the sweet thoughts, pervading deep my breast,
Of friends deceased, who 'neath the cold turf rest.
That sun I saw behind the hill decline,
And which on other lands would rise and shine,
Soon would illumine with refulgent ray
Columbia's distant wilds, and light her day;

Smile on the grave of one—who sought that clime,
Dear to remembrance and this heart of mine.
Borne o'er Atlantic floods, that roll their tide
In mighty swellings—and with threat'ning pride,
Our Ebenezer sought a foreign shore,
And wilds extensive lonely wander'd o'er.
This peaceful home, these smiling meadows here
Were chang'd for solitudes, and forests drear;
Where the rude Indian rears his wig-wam hut,
And desert-wastes betray his vagrant foot;
With feet of savages of other name,
Which prowl those wilds, nor kindness e'er can tame.
While joyous circles, and each friend endear'd,
And ev'ry object—which was once rever'd,
Were left behind; there strangers rose to meet
The distant comer with a friendly greet,
Attentive strove his sadden'd heart to cheer,
Yet who could love him as we lov'd him here?
But short the sojourn—where the wand'rer stray'd,
Heav'n call'd him thence—and quickly he obey'd;
Left on these mortal shores his earthly frame,
And fled a spirit of etherial name.

Fancy depicts him still in scenes around,
This verdant mead,—that shade,—yon spot of ground,
Enjoy'd his visits, did his converse share;
And something seems to whisper "Still he's there"—
'Tis only fancy—for my friend no more
Returns, to meet me on this checquer'd shore;
The sight of each lone place, just serves to tell,
Here once he wander'd, but has ceas'd to dwell.

Yonder wide spreading and renowned yew,
That skirts the wood, and pleasing meets the view,
What scenes t'has witness'd, 'neath its spreading shade!
What converse heard,—when here Religion stray'd,
And sought from noon-tide heats in summer-days,
Refreshment sweet,—and pour'd to God her praise!
The aged relict of a Grandsire dead,
With tott'ring gait, and by a junior led,
Lov'd here to muse, here smil'd, here wept, distress'd;
As scenes departed cross'd her aged breast;
Then, like the Patriarch in Scripture nam'd,
Lean'd on the staff her trembling hand retain'd,

Worshipp'd his God—and her's, and felt aspire
Her soul to heav'n, with the same desire.
Her wand'ring eyes, which dimm'd with lengthen'd years,
Sunk in their sockets,—bath'd in frequent tears,
Wanted not energy—or vivid hue,
When faith presented brighter worlds to view:
'Twas then her wrinkled brow,—her features all,
Bespoke the inward feelings of her soul;
'Twas then the pris'ner in its earthly cell
Long'd to depart,—and bid the world farewell;
To meet th' Redeemer, and unveil'd behold,
Heav'n's highest glories, and its joys untold.
Such hopes—such views—have cheer'd the widow's heart,
Chas'd thence each sorrow, or allay'd its smart,
Smoothen'd the path that leads to brighter day,
And swept each cloud that threaten'd on her way.

Here friendship too—has sought the favour'd cove,
Sacred become to piety,—to love;—
Spent in society the lengthen'd day,
And thought it short, and wish'd its longer stay.

What names endear'd, in long succession rise,
Who lov'd these shades! But some have reach'd the skies.
No honour'd feeling that pervades the breast,
But here was felt, and was at times exprest;
No care however deep, or high, or vast,
But what was canvass'd here in seasons past:
No joy that lights the mind, or gilds the face,
But here obtain'd, and sacred mark'd the place.
'Twas here Selina,—virtuous,—lovely,—fair,:
Graceful in form, with charms acknowledg'd rare,
Her parent's pride,—the song of village swains,
Oft wander'd lone,—and heard their distant strains;
Blush'd at the praises on herself conferr'd,
Which wood-lands echo'd, and which mountains heard;
And, as the timid,—persecuted hare,
Start'ling at distant sounds—that rouse her care,
Bounds over hill and dale, outstrips the wind,
Nor dares a moment to regard behind,
The maid has tripp'd with nimble steps the ground,
And fancied danger in some rustling sound;
Lightly the breeze had swell'd the branches near,
They trembl'd softly,—yet awak'd her fear.

Well Stachun knew her haunt—he watch'd the maid,
And long'd to tell his love—but felt afraid;
Oft fix'd a time to own his gen'rous flame,
But lost his courage when the period came;
Yet the lov'd fair-one guess'd his passion well,
Which maiden-coy *she* fear'd to hear him tell.

Yet at his name, suffused with deeper shade
Her cheeks appear'd, and half betray'd the maid:
While her fair bosom, white as virgin-snow,
Beat quick—beat high:—'twas love in purest glow,
And while engag'd in each domestic scene,
She err'd,—forgot,—or to forget would seem.
Say, was it love? or ought of gentler kind,
Softly bewilder'd thus the maiden's mind?
Or did she err, to foster in her heart,
A something flutt'ring there of sweetest smart?
For worthy *he* for whom she felt this flame,
A youth superior, not unknown to fame,
Graceful in aspect—and address the same.

Well vers'd in science,—in religion taught,
The wise esteem'd him,—and his friendship sought;
The pious lov'd him, as a youth possest
Of all they deem'd could make him truly blest.

Such Stachun was : and prudes the most severe
Pronounc'd him virtuous,—manly,—and sincere.
Say, did he forfeit this esteem obtain'd,
When now he lov'd—Selina's love had gain'd ?
Was he less wise—less brave—or virtuous less,
'Cause woman lov'd him in her own lov'd dress ?
No : pure her heart—pure his—exalted minds,
Each seeks a kindred ; each its kindred finds.
Whilst urg'd respectfully to yield her hand,
She blush'd consent and own'd the nuptial band.
But ah ! stern fortune, or the fates severe,
Cut short her happiness, and wounded where
Pain deepest rankles,—balm admits of none :
Her joy was fled,—hope wreck'd,—and she undone.
Scarcely yon orb which gilds the vaulted sky,
Twelve years had circled of the wedded tie ;
When lo ! he set beneath the western skies,
(Dark clouds enshrouded him) no more to rise
And shine on Stachun,—but to mark the sod
'Neath where he rests—cold—senseless—lifeless clod :
His dust unconscious of each living scene,
Of days that smile, or clouds that intervene,

Or gusty-swells that sweep the turfy-ground,
Or friends bedewing with their tears his mound.
Since—the fair mourner, with her pledges dear
Of wedded love,—has pour'd her sorrows here—
Told to the winds her feelings—and her cares,
Or sigh'd to heaven, and preferr'd her prayers;
Then view'd her circling children thro' her tears,
Who wept because she wept,—and mingled theirs,
Kiss'd and embrac'd her,—wonder'd at her grief,
Nor knew their loss,—nor knew to give relief;
Saw something wrong,—and lisp'd the cause to know,
Why griev'd the parent—why her tears should flow.
Witness of all this scene, the hoary yew,
Bending would seem to weep,—and listen too;
Then softly wave,—as winds would whisper near,
Which fann'd her cheeks, and dried the falling tear.
But time assuages in the human breast,
By slow degrees, the sorrows which oppress'd;
Religion lends her aid—points to a shore
Where Christian kindred meet to part no more:
Where unknown joy—and joy that never dies,
Shall be possess'd in yonder peaceful skies.

REMINISCENCE.

La vita fugge, e non s' arresta un' ora;
E la morte vien dietro a gran giornate:

PETRARCH.

JULY! eventful month! more highly fam'd
Than most of those which form the solar year;
In honour of a mighty Prince* first nam'd,
Which name for ages longer it may bear.

The month—that first beheld my mortal birth,
When lo! a stranger, I was landed here!
Its genial warmth seem'd then to call me forth,
To view the charms, which in its days appear.

Then all was gay!—and winter-clouds were fled,
A thousand flow'rets in the vales appear'd;
Summer smil'd sweetly on my infant head,
And ever since this month has been rever'd.

* Julius Cæsar.

And when to school I went a stripling boy,
Conn'd close my daily task,—and thought it hard;
This was the month I always hail'd with joy,
That crown'd my labours with a fair reward.

A distant journey to relations dear,
Was then perform'd: (those days were happy styl'd)
Sweet was the change from studies deem'd severe,
And youthful pleasures ev'ry day beguil'd.

But when the seasons had run long their round,
And fifteen suns had shone upon my days,
Full other labour for the mind was found:
Great was the change from schoolboys' simple plays!

Now close confinement soon impair'd my frame,
And studious cares indulg'd by day and night;
When lo! this month did liberty proclaim,
I hail'd its dawning, which to me was bright.

Since then—how many times yon sun has roll'd
O'er my oft-aching, my poor fev'rish head ;
Brought round a month which never pass'd untold,
And which reminded of each period fled.

But ah ! another year, or less, may bring
Important changes !—such are daily known,
Death may his dart unerring sternly fling,
Pierce deep my heart, and seize me for his own !

Thou dread Eternal ! fit me for that hour,
That vast eternity to which I haste ;
And, Oh ! sustain me with Almighty pow'r,
Till Jordan's swelling shall be overpast !

If dark the valley which I must descend,
If deep the river ! which I have to wade ;
If huge the billows ! and the roarings tend
My soul to fright ;—oh ! say—" Be not afraid"—

Blest with thy love, my days shall all be thine;
Quickly the seasons let them roll away:
If bright, I'll praise—If dark, I'll not repine:
All, all shall end in everlasting day.

ELIZA.

—◈—

COLD was the wind—the night was dark,
The rain in torrents pour'd,
And not a single beam of light,
Pierc'd thro' the gloom that lower'd.

A stripling maid had left her home,
To range the purple moor,
And seek wild-berries all alone:
Her parents they were poor.

"Go search my child"—the mother cried—
"Go search the bushes o'er"—
"I will," Eliza quick replied,
And hasted to the moor.

The night came on! she'd stroll'd too far;
The clouds were gath'ring fast;
Nor could she see one twinkling star,
To guide her o'er the waste.

Weary and faint, she sat to rest,
Beneath a thorny shade;
Wild blew the wind, and cold her breast;
She wept! the little maid.

And when she'd wept, and sobb'd, and cried,
In sleep she sunk, o'ercome:
Beneath the bush the parents spied
Their child!—and bore her home.

THEBAN AND PERSIDA.

THE season of winter, was over and past,
The heavens were swept of the threatening storm;
Soft blew the zephyrs, and hush'd was the blast,
Which rudely had kiss'd fair Persida's form.
The sky was unclouded, the meadows were gay,
And each vernal songster attempted its lay.

When Theban, acknowledg'd the pride of the vale,
Who oft woo'd the maid and plighted his vows,
And told, in soft accents, love's tenderest tale,
Found Persida seated beneath the green boughs
Of a wide spreading oak:—for warm was the day,
And he cried "Haste my fair one, and let us away."

Hark! how the wood-lark attunes his sweet note,
The voice of the turtle resounds in the grove;
The linnet, and thrush, and each warbling throat,
All join to proclaim this a season of love.
The skies are unclouded, the meadows are gay,
Arise, haste, my fair one, and let us away!

The woodbine's in bloom in yon gentle dell,
Wild roses the groves and hedges adorn;
How lovely their sight! how fragrant their smell!
All nature is smiling—this vernal morn.
The skies are unclouded, the meadows are gay,
Arise then, my fair one, and let us away.

Now through the meadows they stray with delight,
And now seek the shade of some favour'd grove;
The sun shines with beams unusually bright,
And zephyrs stop list'ning their whispers of love:
And who would have thought, as he witness'd the day,
How soon it would change, and its charms pass away.

For lo! from the west, a thick rolling cloud
Soon darken'd the heavens, and awful the shade;
Deep peal'd the thunder increasingly loud,
And fork'd light'nings play'd around Persida's head.
The warblings were hush'd of the songsters so gay,
Who flutter'd for shelter, and hasted away.

And awfully wav'd the trees of the grove, [blast,
Whilst branches huge-spreading were rent with the
And shiver'd—re-echo'd as proudly they strove
Their hold to retain, till the tempest was past.
But loud roll'd the thunder, and light'nings did play,
And fierce-rushing winds tore the branches away.

The leaves of wild roses and woodbines around,
That lately had smil'd and scented the air,
Were borne through the skies or strew'd on the ground:
The ruin was piteous of charms late so fair,
Whilst the buds that remain'd—of those torn away,
Hung pensive, and droop'd, and wept on each spray.

And so droop'd the maid beneath the fell storm,
While Theban a shelter hasted to seek:
Fled were her roses and languid her form,
And pallid the hue which sat on her cheek.
But calm was her bosom; no guilty dismay
That bosom pervaded when summon'd away.

The charms she possess'd would flourish above;
The fragrance she yielded—live in the sky:
Nor danger from storms e'er threaten the grove
Where flow'rets perennial never can die—
Where darkness exists not—eternal's the day,
And tempests are banish'd forever away.

THE

COMPARISON.

HOW lovely is that budding rose,
Just peeping to the sky;
Not ev'ry pretty flow'r that grows,
With that sweet rose can vie:
Fair emblem this—(tho' fleet its hour)
Of little Sarah—budding flow'r.

How sweet the little violet there,
Beneath the humble shade!
How modest does its form appear!
How meek its lowly head!
Yet how it scents the buxom air!
And such is Sarah sweet and fair.

How pretty is yon lily too!
How fair its form and mild!
Another emblem this of you!
And ev'ry pretty child.
Though snowy-white with rich perfume,
No pride the lily does assume.

But mark the moral to be drawn
From flow'rs, the garden's pride;
Their gentle buds when scarcely blown,
Are sometimes soon destroy'd.
Keen blows the wind and rude the storm,
That spoils and kills each pretty form.

In vain the gard'ner strives to shield
Such flow'rs we highly prize;
Their tender forms and tints must yield,
When storms and tempests rise:
Their colours fade—and leaves decay,
And fragrance dies or hastes away.

Oh may that bud which sweetly rears
  Its head 'mongst flow'rets gay,
Which lovely as the rest appears,
  And not less fair than they,
Escape the storm when tempests low'r,
And live and bloom, a pretty flow'r!

And when arrives the drooping time,
  To close its beauties here,
Transplanted to a fairer clime,
  Oh may this flow'r appear!
Beneath a sky that's so serene,
That there no storm is ever seen!

THE RURAL WALK.

Solicitudo cor devorat, et nihil prodest.

HOW sweet to range the verdant fields,
And taste the joys that nature yields !
T' inhale the fresh and balmy air,
That serves to strengthen and repair
A feeble frame—or pensive soul,
Subject to sorrow's sad controul ;
And sweet, where waving branches spread
A solemn gloom around your head,
To sit and gaze around at ease,
Admiring rural scenes that please !
Or when fatigu'd with *sitting still,*
To bask upon some sunny-hill ;
Full stretch'd at length beneath the blaze
Of yonder sun's enliv'ning rays ;

Who, as he smiles with radiant face,
Vapours and clouds is seen to chase
Dispersing Nature's gath'ring gloom,
And changing seeming night to noon ;
Reminding of a brighter Sun,
Who this—and more than this—has done.
When mental gloom had seiz'd my breast,
And gath'ring storms disturb'd my rest,
Bright he arose, with beams divine,
And cheer'd this drooping heart of mine ;
Each cloud of sorrow chas'd away,
And chang'd my darksome night to day.

Now list'ning to each varied sound,
That rose at intervals around,
In soft vibrations thro' the air,
New feelings did my bosom share :
Feelings I cherish'd with delight,
As pleas'd I view'd each rural sight.
The twitt'ring of a swallow near,
In notes monot'nous struck my ear ;

Perennial bird of tropic climes,
That visits here when summer shines ;
Nor longer holds its welcome stay,
Than summer smiles, and meads are gay.
How blithe it look'd—I thought it so ;
No mental sorrow could it know,
If busy scenes should please it not,
It soon could seek a loner spot :
Some silent desert,—or some waste,
Far—far remote, could seek in haste,
Where human feet have never trode,
And make that dwelling its abode ;
And there could still as happy be,
As here—and chirp as cheerily.
Not so with me—where'er I go,
I feel I'm still a child of woe ;
Mournful my days, and very drear,
And winter-blasts assail me here ;
And if at times my sun is bright,
'Tis but a gleam, and all is night.
I seem'd ('tmight be a foolish thing)
To envy her, her beating wing ;

And could not help at times to say,
Oh could I hasten thus away!
Thus seek repose,—and free from strife,
Pass the remainder of my life!
No haunts of men should please so well,
Where vice and hate and sorrow dwell;
I'd leave them all—and bid adieu,
And hide myself from mortal view.
But vain the thought I entertain,
Secluded thus; I might complain;
And soon perhaps 'twould be confest,
Life with a friend is far the best.
Whatever ills thro' life befall,
'Tis friendship's self can sweeten all,
Help us to bear each painful load,
In urging life's tempestuous road.

A Butterfly wing'd low its flight,
And sought some sweet, where 'tshould alight;
Some lovely flow'r such meadows bear,
And fill with sweet perfume the air.

Gay insect of a summer's day,
With gaudy plumage !—Where, away ?
What thefts committing ev'ry hour,
On ev'ry fair and lovely flow'r ?
Some stripling youth that strolls the glades,
May soon consign thee to "the shades;"—
Or some fell waster of the skies
Seize thee with beak, its hapless prize.
Poor short-liv'd, little flutt'ring thing!
Death will in thee infix a sting.
His awful universal sway
Exempts not thee, but makes his prey:
All nature sinks beneath his pow'r,
And *men* and *insects* die each hour ;
And shouldst thou live life's longest range,
Still at the last will come thy change,
Ephem'ral insect !—Such is man,
Whose longest range is but a span.

And now a gentle murmur near,
Stole softly on my list'ning ear:

This was the fall of Derwent's stream,
Where Rowntree's noted mill is seen;
And, as I listen'd to its fall,
A soothing calmness seiz'd my soul;
As, when we see the sun arise,
Or softly sink in western skies;
And solemn, thoughtful, and serene,
We gaze imprest upon the scene:
So did I feel, with thought profound,
And dwelt upon the murm'ring sound.
And now—when scarce a zephyr stirr'd,
The fall was indistinctly heard.
Anon—the swelling breeze return'd,
And hoarse again the current mourn'd:
Then, trem'lous would it next appear,
Then die away upon the ear.
Some neighb'ring trees of tow'ring height,
And spreading limbs—a shady sight,
Pleas'd in their turn the musing mind,
As softly blew the viewless wind;
These wav'd and sigh'd, and whisper'd long—
'Twas not unlike Eolian song,

That—murmur'd undulating sounds,
And swell'd' it seem'd with measur'd bounds.
Sometimes they join'd—wind—water—trees,
And form'd their choral symphonies.

A linnet that look'd blithe and gay,
And chirp'd and sung the live-long day,
His wild and varied notes preferr'd,
And begg'd his sonnets might be heard.
Ah yes!—I cried—I hear thee too,
Why make this seeming much ado?
Thy sounds are sweet, it is confest;
But yet I love yon other best:
They suit this pensive heart of mine,
Another day I'll listen thine.
In nature there are scenes that please,
And give a wounded spirit ease;
Yet such, a lesson will impart!
As sooths, and oft reforms the heart:
So now, the rural walk, enjoy'd
Through fields and glades, my mind employ'd;

And heal'd the wounds that rankl'd there;
And seem'd to chase away despair;
Taught me to look to fairer skies
Where gath'ring storms can never rise,
But fair—unclouded—and serene,
Where sin—nor woe—nor death is seen.
Ah! happy climes—and happy they
Who've reach'd you,—while I hither stray!
Yet shall the objects witness'd here,
Remind of joys in prospect there.

Are these the lovely charms, I cried,
Of solitude—for which I've sigh'd?
Or those,—immur'd within the walls
Of crowded towns where business calls,
Where fœtid smells—and noxious air,
Serve the robustest to impair;
Who linger out but half their years,
Pale—squalid—where nor health appears,
Or only partial, in the throng
Seen thro' the streets to move along.

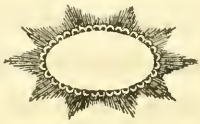
Well may they pant for rural scenes,
And labour hard to earn the means,
By which they hope to change their lot,
And live in some sequester'd spot,
Life's remnant of appointed days,
Like ev'ning sun's departing rays,
Which calmly sinks beneath the sky:
So would they wish at last to die.

And have they prov'd the world unkind,
And felt, at times, an anguish'd mind?
Has fortune frown'd,—and chequer'd scenes
Mark'd ev'ry step,—and dimm'd the gleams
Of hope—their spirits once possest—
Ere clouds arose—and storms distress'd?
More anxious now they seek a home,
Secluded—humble—distant—lone—
Where, in such wild-sequester'd spot,
They'd live unheeded—and forgot:
This—pleas'd they seek—and finding this,
They fondly call it earthly bliss.

Children of sorrow! yes 'tis you,
Thus to the world would bid adieu.

But some there are—and such we find,
Of heedless—and undaunted mind,
No matter what befalls them here;
'Tis all as one,—they persevere:
Weather each storm,—and dare t'engage
The angry blast that vents its rage.
The world may praise—may disapprove;
They scorn its hate—nor seek its love;
Trample beneath determin'd feet
Whatever hindrances they meet;
And rise superior to the woes
Of human life—and vengeful foes.
Yet such—have learnt to condescend
(When virtue weeps) to be her friend.
While others smile when you complain
Of chequer'd scenes,—nor heed your pain—
Deem it some weakness of the mind,
And give your sorrows to the wind.

Ah well-a-day ! must this be so ?
Give me a heart can feel for woe—
Can sympathize in deep distress,
And strive to make my sorrows less :
Such I'll esteem—be such my friend,
Till life's rough pilgrimage shall end !



THE

SEA-SHORE PROMENADE.

THY works are wond'rous, mighty God!
This sea proclaims them so;
Which rolls and murmurs at thy nod,
In constant ebb and flow.

Vast in extent—in depth profound,
Where sea-born monsters roam;
Sport in the floods, their awful bound,
And love their wat'ry home.

They speak thy pow'r in ev'ry swell,
That sweeps along the main;
And, while that wond'rous pow'r they tell,
Thy wisdom they proclaim.

Huge surges roll upon the shore,
And foam in angry mood,
And then recoil, with dreadful roar,
And seek the parent flood.

The hoary cliff whose beetling head,
Mocks the deep ocean's pride;
Trembles, at times, with seeming dread,
To feel the threat'ning tide.

The pond'rous billows, in their roll,
Lash the terrific base,
While pendant fragments, reeling, fall,
Loud thund'ring, from their place.

And yet, the voice that form'd the seas,
And fix'd their mighty bound,
Can curb them with the greatest ease,
And still their raging sound.

"Here, shall you come,—and here be stay'd"—
The floods obey his will;
Nor dare rebel—but seem afraid,
Are hush'd,—and all is still.—

LINES

ON SEEING A BLACKBIRD SHOT
IN THE GARDEN.

—◇—

POOR hapless bird, I saw it die !
I saw its little quiv'ring frame ;
I saw it gasp—then close its eye,
And breathless on the ground remain.
What had it done to cause this fate ;
This forfeiture of life to pay ?
For many a blithsome song of late
Had cheer'd the grove the live-long day.
Some ripen'd fruit upon the trees,
(A trifle small for songs so sweet)
Its parched throat had serv'd to please,
It dar'd to pluck—and then retreat.
The marksman watch'd the deed of wrong,
And then his aim he took, too true :
The warbler fell ! no more its song
Would please, as it was wont to do.

LINES

COMPOSED ON VISITING THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF

MALHAM - COVE,

CRAVEN.

—◈—

ALL hail ye solitudes! so wild and drear,
Ye hills and dells yclad with purpl'd heath;
No fragrant bowers do I witness here—
No sylvan shades with glossy stream beneath.

But lonely wastes and frowning cliffs that rise,
With weather-beaten fronts and awful brow,
Time has made hoary, as he quickly flies,
Earthquakes have rent and partly toss'd below.

Some giant combatants might here have wag'd
An awful war: as pond'rous weapons hurl'd
These mighty fragments;—or volcanos rag'd
With threat'ning fury, and convuls'd the world:

Or some vast deluge has swept o'er the earth,
Uproll'd these masses on each steepy hill;
Torn from the bases where infixt at birth,
When systems rose at All-creative will.

No human footsteps here imprint the ground;
Few have the hardihood to dare intrude,
To view the wild confusion scatter'd round,
Or court the deep and marble solitude.

Silence reigns here and holds her ebon throne,
Solemn as midnight:—undisturb'd she dwells;
Save when the raven with his cheerless tone,
Awakens echo in yon neighb'ring dells.

Yet, the rude grandeur which I here retrace,
Proclaims a Pow'r omnipotent and wise—
His Temple's vestibule—this dreadful place,
The lofty canopy yon azure skies.

Now let my praise ascend with awe profound,
The Omnipresent-One inhabits here;
Assist, ye echoes, and prolong the sound—
Worship is solemn when Jehovah's near.

THE HAPPY CHOICE.

TO A LADY.

WISE was the choice that Mary made,
Who Jesus and his grace preferr'd;
Who at his feet her homage paid,
And listen'd to his gracious word.

Pleas'd did she dwell upon the sound
Of ev'ry truth that reach'd her heart;
And such the joy that Mary found,
She could not from her seat depart.

His doctrine, which like rain distill'd,
Or heav'nly dews which gently fall,
Soon with its sweetest influence fill'd
Her weary, thirsting, drooping soul.

How she rever'd her welcome guest,
Th' illustrious Traveller divine ;
Who pour'd such comfort in her breast,
And made his grace benignly shine.

What glories burst upon her view,
Th' astonish'd eye of faith could count ;
Earth, with its pleasures, now withdrew,
Upward her spirit learnt to mount.

Had but her sister felt the same,
And join'd in Mary's deep concern,
Jesus to honour—and obtain
His grace—herself had come to learn.

But lo! a thousand trivial cares
Join'd to pervade her restless mind ;
And when to Jesus she repairs,
She charges Mary as unkind.

Too anxiously her heart pursued,
Those objects of inferior name;
Which oft, alas! when they intrude,
Divert from things of nobler aim.

Another Mary you have prov'd,
Like her have made a happy choice;
Her humble posture you have lov'd,
And listen'd to the Saviour's voice.

And sweet the voice with which he spake,
When first he seiz'd your wand'ring heart;
And pleas'd you suffer'd him to make
His dwelling there, nor thence depart.

A thousand joys then fill'd your breast,
Joys so divine, unknown before;
You view'd yourself supremely blest,
And wish'd to love the world no more.

Whilst others eagerly pursue
Its soft allurements and its charms,
Such things amuse no longer you ;
For love divine your spirit warms.

Christ is your all—you love his name,
Let others take the world and go :
To him, for guilty mortals slain,
Your best obedience do you owe.

His cross,—an honour deem'd to bear,
You daily carry with delight :
Nor feel asham'd this sign to wear,
Tho' sinners mock and scorn the sight.

Here all your hopes begun to flow—
Here grace first beam'd upon your soul ;
And since this grace you've liv'd to know,
All other charms have lost controul.

Live then for God, and daily prove
Your value for this love divine:
Live,—and remember that above,
In glory,—you will ever shine!

LOSS OF FRIENDS.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF A COUSIN,
Mrs. Ann Taylor.

DEAR ANN, thy days were few,
And mark'd with chequer'd scenes,
And ere 'twas noon—thy Sun withdrew,
And hid his beams.

Thy morning Sun was bright,
And all around look'd gay;
Alas! how soon appear'd the night,
And fled the day!

Now storms had gather'd round,
And well my Ann might fear;
Rugged and lone thy path was found;
But God was near.

Rude and relentless beat
The angry darken'd storm ;
Nor shelter round the eye could greet,
To shield thy form.

And yet one cheering ray
Of heavenly light arose,
To gild thy toilsome, cheerless way,
And bless its close.

Whilst on yon world on high,
A brighter sun had risen,
Where tempests ne'er becloud the sky—
That clime is heav'n.

Those flow'ry banks and fair,
Near to the stream of God,
Where "Sharon's Rose" perfumes the air,
Is thy abode.

And now, thy sorrows o'er,
And darkness fled away,
Thou'rt safe arriv'd upon that shore
Of endless day.

Thy God thy joy shall be,
Who wipes away our tears:
And all his glories shine on thee,
Thro' countless years.

We will not mourn thy lot;
Ah no! no more complain;
Be this our care to reach that spot,
And with thee reign.

To tune our harps of gold,
To him enthron'd on high;
And feel the joys that can't be told,
Of yonder sky!

LINES TO A YOUNG LADY,

DURING A VISIT TO SPRING-GARDENS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF HER HEALTH—AUGUST, 1821.

NO tribute of my very humble lines,
(And now, Eliza, is my heart sincere)
No classic words, in Poet's measur'd lines,
Can well express my utmost feelings here.

Oft as I gaze upon a form—endear'd
To her—who bore you with a mother's woe,
Who watch'd your infancy and fondly rear'd,
Possess'd of feelings such as mothers know:

I seem to cherish her forebodings then,
Her deep solicitude for you, her child;
For should affliction mar Eliza's frame,
And taint thy count'nance, which is ever mild,

Who, that her friendship shares, could fail to grieve?
Who would not heave for her a tender sigh,
And ask kind heaven for a long reprieve;
And if denied, suffuse with tears the eye?

Who that Eliza knows 'mongst all her friends,
Her disposition and her feeling heart,
Could fail to weep—if heav'n that summons sends,
That calls us hence, and says "Arise, depart"—

Such gloomy fears pervade not yet the mind;
Health shall again that tender frame restore;
And he who pities, and is ever kind,
While he afflicts, will soon afflict no more.

O learn this truth,—no suff'ring felt below,
However light by mortals it is deem'd;
But God in mercy means for good—and oh!
May yours now felt—not lightly be esteem'd.

Yes, Miss Eliza, as an earnest friend,
Who seeks your weal, and feels a tender care;
My pray'rs to heav'n shall for you ascend,
Mercy *may* listen, and in mercy spare.

That great Omnipotent who reigns on high,
Where myriads worship, and behold his face,
Midst heav'n's harmony—can hear the sigh,
Heav'd by the Christian at the throne of grace.

This our petition—that with health restor'd,
Your soul in gratitnde to God may rise;
And meek and humble, to our gracious Lord,
Yield up yourself a living sacrifice!

Then shall you feel those high and sacred joys
Religion gives, and which are lasting too;
Earth yields not such—its pleasures all are toys,
To play with these becomes no longer you.

And joys unknown, which heaven has prepar'd,
Shall be your portion—when the world shall end;
And God's own fulness be your great reward,
And ev'ry saint and angel be a friend.

Oh then Eliza, may you now be wise,
Yes now—to make the all-important choice;
Shew your decision—live for yonder skies,
And listen daily to the Saviour's voice.

Fear not the taunting scorn which some may pour
On your profession—nor the world's dark frown!
Glory to bear "the cross" the Saviour bore,
A prize awaits you—an immortal crown!

End of the Poems.

NOTES.

Note 1. Page 5.

——————————— *Esholt Grove.*

Eschewolde, Essold, Esholt, or as some ancient writings have the word spelt, Esscholt, (the Ashwood.)

Note 2. Page 7.

To Woodhouse Grove———

The elegant mansion erected in this delightful spot, by —— Clapham Esq., was purchased, in 1812, by the Wesleyan Methodists, and fitted up for a School, to be conducted on the same plan as that founded at Kingswood.

Note 3. Page 7.

And Aire is seen to glide with devious flow.

The Aire takes its rise at the foot of Malham-Cove; a place which, for its stupendous grandeur, has long been the admiration of travellers. The gentle stream winds its course through a delightful vale of some extent; and, after receiving many tributary floods, falls into the Humber.

Camden, in his Britannia, thus describes it:—"Arus ex Penigenti montis, radicibus, qui inter occiduos montes altius se effert, ortus, statim ita mæandris ludit, quasi dubius *fontes* an mare petat, ut septies semihoræ spatio recto itinere mihi trajiciendus esset. Tranquillus, compositus, et vix fluens leniter fluit, unde sortitum nomen credimus. *Lenem* enim, et *lentum*, Ara Britannis denotare diximus, unde lentus ille Galliæ *Araris* nomen habet."

Note 4. Page 7.

While Esholt-Hall the stately building nigh.

Here was a Priory of about six Cistercian Nuns, in the latter part of the reign of Henry II., or the beginning of that of King Richard I., dedicated to St. Mary and St. Leonard, or as others say, to St. James. About the time of its dissolution, it was said to have been founded by Christopher Ward. Robert (son of Robert de Plumpton) gave all his lands in the neighbourhood of Idle to this Priory, with pasture for oxen and cows, and dry

wood and acorns in the wood of Idle, upon condition that the Nuns should find a Chaplain perpetually to celebrate Mass for the good of his ancestors, and his heirs. The Nuns had land in Burley, Esholt, Guisely, Hawkesworth, Otley, and Yeadon; with some other benefits and privileges granted by Margaret Clifford, widow, Elizabeth Patyfin, Alice, relict of Michael de Rawdon, Simon de Braam, lord of Yeadon, Nigel de Plumpton, Nigel, son of Robert de Plumpton, Alan, son of Walter Yeadon, and John de Yeadon, who gave an annuity of three marks (£2.) out of his Mill here towards the support of one Chaplain in this Priory; who should be the Chaplain to the Nuns, and should celebrate, twice each week, for the soul of him the said John and his wife, &c. He also gave one Oxgang (15 acres) in the same territory.

This Priory was valued at £19 0s. 8d. (*Dugdale*), at £13 5s. 4d. (*Speed*); and the site thereof was granted, in 1st. of Edward VI. 1547, to Henry Thompson, one of the King's Gens d' Arms, at Boleyn, who, by Helen, daughter of Laurence Townley, had a natural son called William, living in 1585, who assuming the father's surname, and marrying Dorothy, daughter of Christopher Anderson, of Lastock, in the county of Lancaster, prothonotary, became the ancestors of the families of the Thompsons, now living in and near York.

This estate was afterwards purchased by one of the ancestors of ——— Sir Walter Calverley Blackett, Baronet, whose father built a noble house upon the premises, pleasantly situated on the south side, near the bottom of a hill covered with wood, having the river Aire in front. About 1751, it was sold to ——— Stansfield, Esq.*

The following is a List of the Names of such Prioresses as have occurred:—

8, Id. 6th. day of Dec. 1300	1. Julia de Wodehal, a Nun here.
.....	2. Joan de Hartlington.
11 Kal. Oct. 21st. Sept. 1315	3. Issabel de Calverley, a Nun here.
——— 26th. July, 1353	4. .....
——— 19th. Aug. 1475	5. Elizabeth Lasingby.
Occurs in..... 1480	6. Joan Ward.
———Aug. 1497	7. Elizabeth Lasingby.
——— 12th. Nov. 1505	8. Agnes Frith, a Nun here.
——— 4th. Nov. 1507	9. Margaret Roch.
——— 14th. March, 1510	10. Elizabeth Pudsey.

* From whom it has since descended to its present occupant, Joseph Crompton, Esq.

Persons buried here.

——, Nigel, grandson of Nigel de Plumpton.
1341, Elizabeth Patiſin.
1383, Sir Simon Ward, Bart.
1452, Sir John Ward, Bart.

Joan, relict of Robert Ward, Sen., of Govendale, by Will, proved March 29th. 1474, directed her remains to be buried here.—BURTON's *Monasticon Eboracense.*

Note 5. Page 7.

Cistercian Nuns ——————

The Cistercians were a branch of the Benedictines, and took their name from Cistercium, or Cisteaux, in the Bishopric of Chalons, in Burgundy, where this Order was begun 1098, by Robert, Abbot of Molesme in that Province, but brought into repute by Stephen Hardington, third Abbot of Cisteaux, who is therefore reckoned the principal founder. These Monks came into England, 1128.

Cardinal de Vitri, in describing them, says:—"They neither wore'skins, nor shirts, nor ever ate flesh, except in sickness; and abstained from fish, eggs, milk, and cheese. They lay upon straw beds in tunics and cowls; they rose at midnight to prayers; spent the day in labour, reading, and prayer; and, in all their exercises, observed a continual silence." In the Priories of this Order, the Nuns wore white tunics and a black scapulary and girdle.

Note 6. Page 8.

When Britain's Monarch, panting to be free,
Shook off the Pope, and scorn'd the holy See.

The Act of Supremacy was passed in the year 1533, in the reign of Hery VIII., which declares the King Supreme Head of the Church of England.

Note 7. Page 9.

The minor houses feel the stern decree,
And sink the first——————

In 1535, and the following year, 376 of the smaller houses were dissolved.

Note 8. Page 12.

Where worshipp'd once a puritanic race.

"The first Dissenting places in this part of the country, which were generally small humble edifices, were built in secluded parts adjoining neither Towns nor Villages, but withdrawn from the

notice of the public. The promoters of these erections had no idea of courting the attention of their neighbours by inviting appearances or splendid attractions. Such was the situation of the Meeting-house at Rawdon, which was unquestionably one of the oldest in this part of Yorkshire. Though there were numerous villages in the vicinity without any places of worship, it was erected in a solitary though beautiful spot at a distance from the publick road, surrounded by woods; excepting on one side where the river Aire is seen winding along the valley. Tradition records, that when it was opened, the minister who officiated on the occasion, struck with the peculiarity of its situation, chose for his text the words of the Psalmist 'We found it in the fields of the wood.'"—*Memoirs of Dr. Fawcett.*

Note 9. Page 15.

When the bold Norman claiming right to reign.

William, Duke of Normandy, stiled the conqueror, after the defeat and death of Harold, succeeded to the British throne, and was crowned William I.

Note 10. Page 15.

Then Harold fell———————

In the celebrated battle at Hastings, where it was said Sixty thousand English were slain, Harold was shot in the brow with an arrow; his army seeing their brave leader fall, became dispirited and fled. With the death of this Prince, ended the Saxon Monarchy in England, which had continued upwards of 600 years.

Note 11. Page 16.

'Twas then this hero in reward of skill,
Receiv'd this Manor upon Rawdon-hill.

Rawdon the ancient seat of the noble family of Rawdon (Earls of Moira), so named from Paulinus de Rawdon, who commanded a body of archers under William the conqueror, and received this estate amongst others, in reward for his services.

There is mention made of Thorold de Rawdon, in an old deed without date, amongst the writings belonging to Kirkstall Abbey; wherein and amongst others of the Priory of Bolton, we find also mentioned Serlo de Rawdon, *temp. Stephen*, and Ada de Rawdon, *temp. Rich.* I.; and in the reign of *Henry* III., Michael de Rawdon, and Simon de Rawdon; as also in the next reign *(Edw. I.)* Matthew, and Richard de Rawdon.

John de Rawdon (whom we find mentioned in 11 and 17 *Edw.* II., and 7 and 23 *Edw.* III.) was father of Michael, living also, 23 *Edw.* III., who by a daughter of —— Franke, of Alwoldly,

had issue a son of his name, who married the daughter of —— Scott, of Scott Hall, in Leeds parish.

John his Son (stiled de Breershaugh, and living 15 *Rich.* II.) took to wife, Alvia, daughter and heir of Folifait, and was father of another John, living *temp. Edw.* IV., *et Hen.* VI., who by a daughter of Arthington, of —— Arthington, Esq., had issue a third John, who lived 1 *Hen.* VIII., and had in marriage, the daughter of Robert Thornton, of Denby, Gent. John his son, living 8 *Hen.* VIII., by a daughter of Bryan Bradford, of Stainly, Gent., had issue Michael, whose wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Thornton, Esq. He was father by her, of George Rawdon, Esq., who married Anne, daughter and coheir of John Becworth, Gent. Francis Rawdon, Esq. (son of George) had in marriage, Dorothy, daughter of William Aldburgh, Esq. of Aldburgh; by whom he had issue, Sir George, and two daughters, (Anne, wife of John Stanhope, Esq.) and Priscilla. Sir George being a person who had distinguished himself by his services against the Irish rebels, was deservedly advanced by Charles II. to the degree of an English Baronet. He died in August, 1684, aged 80, having had two wives. First, Ursula, daughter of Sir Francis Stafford, of Brodney, Knt., and, second, Dorothy, daughter of Edward Lord Viscount Conway, By the first he had no issue; by the latter three sons; Edward and John both slain in France 1676-7, without issue, and Sir Arthur Rawdon, Bart. his successor. Also three daughters, Mary (married to the Earl of Granaret), Dorothy, and Briliana. Sir Arthur Rawdon died October 17, 1695, aged 33. He had married Helena, daughter of Sir James Graham, Knt. (who died 1708), and had issue Sir John Rawdon, Bart., who succeeded him; and a daughter, Isabella, (who was married, in 1719, to Richard Leving, Esq., and afterwards Sir Richard Leving, Bart., eldest son of the Chief Justice) also Edward and Dorothy, who both died young.

Sir John Rawdon, in 1716, married Dorothy, the second daughter of Sir Richard Leving, of Parwick, in the county of Derby, Knt. and Bart., Speaker of the House of Commons in Ireland, and Lord Chief Justice of the Common-Pleas there. Sir John, Knight for the Shire of the County of Downe, in Ireland, was a person of great integrity, and died much lamented in February, 1723, in the 34th. year of his age. He had four sons, and left three behind him.

Arms: Argent, a Fess. Gules between three Pheons. Heads Sable.
Crest: In a mural crown Argent, a Pheon's head. Sable issuing thereout, a laurel branch proper.
Seat: At Moira, in the County of Downe, Ireland.

Wotton's *English Baronets*, Vol. II.

Note 12. Page 18.

——————— *a chief of Rawdon's line*
A noble chief———————

Francis Lord Rawdon, Earl of Moira (since created Marquis of Hastings) the present Governor of British India, was born December 7th. 1745, and was created a Baron of Great Britain 1783.—See a brief Memoir of this distinguished Nobleman in MACKENZIE's "*Select Biography.*"

Note 13. Page 20.

Of fam'd unhappy Walter Calverley.

"The original name of this family was Scott, as appears by a great number of writings in the Archives of the family; the first John Scott (who came in with Maud, daughter to Malcolm II., King of Scotts, married to Henry I.) married Larderina, second daughter to Alphonsus Gospatrick, Lord of the Manor of Calverley, and many other manors, and a person of great eminency.

John (son of John Scott) was Lord of Calverley, in right of his mother; he was Steward to the house of Mawd, the Empress, and bore sometimes a Lion Rampant counterchanged, and sometimes a Lion Rampant, droit, enclosed in an Ortogon, as appears by his seal to deeds, in his time. He married the daughter of Sir John Lutterell, and was father of William who gave the Vicarage of Calverley to the Chapel of the blessed Virgin Mary, at York, founded by Roger the Archbishop (whose surname was Scott), in King Henry II.'s reign. He married Joan, daughter of Sir John Swillington, by whom he had issue five sons: first, William (of whom more hereafter); the second son, Roger, was a knight, and a person of great eminency; Henry, third son, had lands in Pudsey, which he gave the Knights-Templars; and Thomas, fourth son, had Newton, from whom the Scotts of Newton are descended; the fifth son died unmarried.

Willian Scott, a branch of this family, in 1453, gave the Vicarage-house at Leeds, by deed dated that year, and sealed with an Owl.

William, the eldest son of William, married Mabel, daughter to Sir Nicholas Stapleton, Knt., by whom he was father to Walter, who married the daughter of Sir John Normanville, whose son William was the last that retained the name of Scott; he married the daughter of Sir John Goldsbrough, Knt. His son, John, being styled John de Calverley.

This John was father of Sir John, who bore for arms six or eight Owls; he married Joanna, daughter, or niece of Sir Simon Ward, and left issue John de Calverley, who was High-Sheriff of the

County of Rutland, and one of the Squires to the Queen in the time of King Richard II.; and, being in the wars on the King's part, was unfortunately taken by the enemy and beheaded. He left no issue, so that Walter, his brother, succeeded to his estate; and by his second wife, Margery, daughter of John de Diveley, had issue Sir William, Knt. (who died issueless), Sir Walter and John. In Sir Walter's time, Calverley Church was rebuilt: his arms of six Owls are cut, or plated in the wood-work there. Which Sir Walter, the second son, married (*temp. Richard* II.) Joanna, daughter of Sir John Bygot, Knt., and had issue two sons, John and Walter: John was knighted and killed at the battle of Shrewsbury, fighting for King Henry IV. against Hotspur his brother.

Walter carried on the line and married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Thomas Mackingfield, by whom he left issue three sons. William, the eldest, married Agnes, daughter of Sir John Tempest, and had issue several sons, whereof William the eldest was knighted in the field, by the Earl of Soney, in the 12th. of Henry VII., in the expedition into Scotland; he married Alice, daughter of Sir John Savile, of Thornhill, and left issue Walter, and three other sons.

Sir Walter, Knt. married, first, Isabel, daughter and heir of John Drax, Esq., and had issue William, and other sons. His second wife was a daughter of John Vavasor, by whom he had no issue.

William, his eldest son, was knighted about the 2nd. of Edward VI., and the next year High-Sheriff for the County of York. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir William Middleton, of Stockeld, Knt., and left issue Walter, and several other sons.

Walter succeeded his father, about the 13th. of Elizabeth, and married Anne, daughter of Sir Christopher Danby, Knt., and left William his successor, who married Catherine, daughter of Sir John Thornholm; by whom he had several sons and daughters. This Catherine was a zealous papist, whereby they suffered very much for Recusancy; the estate being sequestered, and some old manors sold off.

Walter, the eldest son, married Philippa, sister to John Brook, Lord Cobham, and had three sons; two who died young,* and Henry who succeeded him: which Henry married thrice,—first, Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander More, of Grantham, Esq., by whom he had only a daughter, who died young; his second wife was Joyce, daughter of Sir Walter Pye, of the Mynde, in Herefordshire, Knt. by whom he had four sons, Walter, John, a Barrister-at-Law, of Gray's-Inn, and two that died young.

* The two of whom mention is made in the Poem.

Walter, the eldest son, succeeded to the father's estate; and, in the time of the Civil Wars, was a great sufferer. He married Frances, daughter of Henry Thompson, of Esholt and Bromfield, Esq. (whose ancestor was one of the Gentlemen-at-Arms to King Henry VIII. at the taking of Boloign), and had issue by her two daughters, Anne and Bridget; the first, married to Benjamin Wade, Esq., the latter, first to John Ramsden, Esq., and secondly to William Nevile, Esq.; and also one son.

Walter Calverley, Esq. (who is the twenty-second generation from John Scott, who came into England with Mawd, daughter to Malcolm second King of Scotts), in the tenth of Queen Anne, was advanced to the dignity of a Baronet; and, in January, 1706, married Julia, eldest daughter of Sir William Blackett, of Newcastle upon Tyne, Bart. by whom he had issue Walter and Julia.

Arms: Sable, an inescutcheon within Eight Owls in Orle, Argent.

Seats: (formerly) At Calverley, near Bradford, in the West-Riding of Yorkshire; and Esholt, in the same County.

WOTTON'S *English Baronets*, Vol. III.

The Estate remained in the Calverley family till the year 1754, when Sir Walter Calverley, who took the name of Blackett, sold the manor and estate of Calverley to Thomas Thornhill, of Fixby, Esq. by whose heir, Thomas Thornhill, Esq. of Fixby, in Yorkshire, and Riddlesworth, in Norfolk, it is still held. The Hall is no longer occupied as a Gentleman's residence, but is inhabited by a number of manufacturers, and others, as separate tenements.

BAINES'S *Directory*.

Note 14. Page 21.

——————— *but heaven one babe withheld.*

Calverley Hall, the residence for six centuries of the Calverley family, is memorable as the scene of a tragedy attributed to the pen of Shakspeare, but which, says Farmer, (in his *Essay* on the learning of that distinguished man) "most certainly was not written by our Poet; the fact, on which it is built, being perpetrated no sooner than 1605." Divested of poetic fiction, the story is this:—"Walter Calverley, the son and heir of William Calverley, Esq. married, at the close of the 16th. century, Philippa, daughter of Sir John Brooke, by whom he had issue three sons, William, Walter, and Henry. Dissipation and other vices in the head of this ill-fated family, had plunged them into extreme embarrassments, and under the influence of intoxication, jealousy, or intolerable apprehension that his children would become beggars, he came to the desperate resolution to be him-

self their murderer. The intelligence that his brother had been committed to prison on account of a security given for Walter, brought on the crisis he had contemplated, and observing his son, a boy about 4 years old, at play in the Gallery of Calverley Hall, the unnatural father rushed upon him, and inflicted two or three wounds with his dagger. He then seized up the bleeding child, and carried him to the room of his mother, who was asleep, while the nurse was dressing another of the children in the room. The unhappy mother, roused from her slumbers by the abrupt entrance of her husband, soon became aware of the danger which threatened her children, and endeavoured to save the second child from his fury, but all her efforts were in vain, and he plunged the reeking dagger into its heart, while clasped in its mother's arms. His fury was then directed against his lady, and he inflicted upon her several severe wounds. Still unsatiated with blood, he took his horse and rode off for the village where his infant child was at nurse, but as he entered the place, he was thrown from his horse, and secured by a servant, who had been dispatched after him. On the following day he was taken before Sir John Saville, of Howley, and Sir Thomas Bland, Knights, two of the Magistrates of the West Riding, in whose presence he confessed his crime, adding, that he had harboured the intention of killing his children for two years past; and that "the reason that moved him thereto was, for that his wife had many times heretofore uttered speeches and given signs and tokens unto him whereby he might easily perceive and conjecture, that the said children were not by him begotten, and that he had found himself to be in danger of his life at sundry times by his said wife."*—At the close of his examination, he was committed to Gaol; but, as the plague then raged in York, he was sent to Wakefield. Subsequently he was removed to York, when he was brought to trial, but refusing to plead either guilty or not guilty, "he was adjudged to be pressed to death, according to which judgment he was executed in the Castle, at York, the 5th. of August, 1604."†

It is added that "the place of Mr. Calverley's interment was never actually known; several coffins, supposed to be filled with sand, having been deposited in various parishes, that his remains might elude the search of the populace, &c. They were imagined to have been at last clandestinely conveyed into the family vault, in Calverley Church, where the bodies of his children lie."

Ancient British Drama, Vol. I.

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* It is just to the memory of the lady to add, that all the accounts published at the trial, concur in representing her as a virtuous and exemplary woman.

† Stowe's Chronicle, Anno 1604.

Not 15. Page 31.

Thy rising College shall extend thy fame.

Under the auspices of Edward Hanson, Esq. (formerly of Clapham, near London), this valuable Institution, at Idle, came into existence. During his life, two students were maintained at his sole expence: at his death, which happened in 1803, he left £150. a-year, as a permanent provision for its support. From its foundation it has been under the superintendence of the Rev. W. Vint, a gentleman, who has, in every respect, proved himself eminently qualified for the honourable post he occupies. Enlarged contributions have enabled its patrons to extend the scale of the Institution; and, at this time, there are fifteen young men enjoying its advantages.

Note 16. Page 61.

Here passed six years a wreck'd and feeble band.

This melancholy event happened in 1754. A Russian vessel bound to the North Seas, on the whale fishery, was driven upon the coast of Spitzbergen. Several of the crew were most miraculously preserved; and, after a residence of six years in that inhospitable clime, were as singularly rescued from their perilous situation, by a vessel accidentally touching there, and restored again to their families.

Note 17. Page 67.

Such was this place a zealous monk had plann'd.

A. D. 1147, in the 12th. of King Stephen, Alexander, Prior of Fountain's Abbey, was made the first Abbot of Kirkstall; who, 14 Kal. of June (19th. of May), with twelve Monks and ten converts, left Fountains and settled here. From its foundation to its dissolution, there were twenty-six Abbots. The first was confirmed 21st of May, 1147; the last, 21st. of July, 1528. The Abbey was surrendered by John Ripley, last Abbot, in 1540, 31st. Henry VIII.

Valued, by Speed, at £512. 13*s*. 4*d*. By Dugdale, at £329. 2*s*. 10d. per Annum.

Note 18. Page 80.

How long existed for such things a rage,
Is well attested in historic page.

"When (says Neal,) King Henry VIII. appointed a general visitation of the Monasteries, several of the Abbots and Priors, to prevent a general scrutiny into their conduct, voluntarily surrendered their Houses into the King's hands; others, upon examina-

tion, appeared guilty of the greatest frauds and impositions on the simplicity of the people. Many of their pretended relics were exposed and destroyed; as, the Virgin Mary's milk; the coals that roasted St. Lawrence; an Angel, with one wing, that brought over the spear that pierced our Saviour's side; the Rood of Grace, which was so contrived, that the eyes and lips might move upon occasion; with many others. The images of a great many pretended Saints were burnt, and all the rich offerings made at their shrines were seized for the crown."

The following account of Edward the Confessor's offerings to the Church of St. Peter, Westminster, extracted from a recent and valuable history of that ancient structure, goes far beyond most of the instances of credulity and superstition at which we have been accustomed to express our astonishment.*—"Part of the place and manger where Christ was born, and also of the frankincense offered to him by the eastern Magi; of the table of our Lord; of the bread which he blessed; of the seat where he was presented in the Temple; of the wilderness where he fasted; of the jail where he was imprisoned; of his undivided garment; of the sponge, lance, and scourge, with which he was tortured; of the sepulchre and cloth which bound his head; and of the mountains, Golgotha and Calvary; great part of the holy Cross enclosed in a certain one particularly beautified and distinguished, with many other pieces of the same, and great part of one of the Nails belonging to it; and likewise the Cross which floated against wind and wave over sea, from Normandy hither with that King. Many pieces of the vestments of the Virgin Mary; of the linen which she wore; of the window in which the angel stood when he saluted her; of her milk, of her hair, of her shoes, and of her bed; also of the girdle which she wove with her own hands, always wore, and dropped to St. Thomas the Apostle, at her Assumption; of the hairs of St. Peter's beard, and part of his cross. Reliques of St. Paul, viz. a certain cloth in which his head was wrapped when cut off, and one of the fingers, and some of the blood of the same Apostle. Many bones of St. Andrew, and part of his cross. A bone of St. James the Great, and reliques of the Apostles Philip and James; arms of the Apostles Bartholomew and Thomas, with reliques of the Apostles, Barnabas, Matthew, and Mathias. Great part of the body of St. Botolph the Abbot, with one of his cowls and other reliques. The head, pouch, and ivory staff of St. Andrew the Bishop; and reliques of the Saints, Giles, Jerome, Ethelwald, Erkenwald, Theodoric, and many others. The head and other bones

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* Christian Instructor, Vol. II. p. 113.

of St. Margaret, and part of her clothes; oil of the tomb of St. Catherine, and reliques of St. Cecilia, and Teele; with half a jaw and three teeth of St. Anastasia. Such was the singular assemblage of remains which the superstitious piety of the King solemnly bestowed upon this Church; and which the credulity of our forefathers led them to treat with veneration and worship."

Note 19. Page 96.

Cœur seul un moment se repose en ces lieux.

The above lines were extracted from an Album book, in which were the autographs of many eminent persons. They were in the hand-writing of the Empress Josephine, who visited the summit of Montanvert in the summer of 1810; and who inscribed her name in the Album which is kept for the amusement of travellers, in a small building erected by a benevolent Frenchman, for the repose and accommodation of those who visit the elevated region on which it stands.

Note 20. Page 117.

Which Bramins can't refute at all,
And all their Shasters prove them blind.

Shaster is the name of a book in high estimation among the natives of Hindoostan, containing the doctrines of the Bramin's religion, and all the ceremonies of their idolatrous worship. Some writers have represented the Hindoo religion as the mildest of all religions, but it is one that both countenances and enjoins human sacrifices, whilst many of the ceremonies observed, are excessively obscene.

Note 21. Page 118.

Then shall thy monarch's mandates fail
To check the swift-wing'd beams of light.

Various edicts have been issued by successive Emperors of China forbidding the introduction of Christianity; but the light of the Gospel is gradually penetrating that country, and it is hoped, ere long, will be fully enjoyed by its vast population.

Note 22. Page 119.

Then Persian Parsees shall adore
No more the Sun.————

The Parsees were ancient worshippers of fire in Persia, scarcely any are now remaining, except a few solitary individuals who annually visit the fiery eruptions of Naphtha, near Baku. Mahomet's dogmas are generally received in Persia.

Note 23. Page 123.

Where the last punic war beheld.

The prodigious power possessed by the Carthaginians, excited the jealousy of the Romans, and was followed by three considerable wars. The first was commenced in the year 265 before Christ, and lasted 24 years. The second Punic war begun in the year 218 before Christ, and lasted 17 years. Such was the success of Hannibal in Italy, that his victories nearly proved fatal to the Romans, but, having suffered himself to be detained too long at Capua, where his army became enfeebled through luxury, time was afforded the Romans, to repair, in some degree, their losses :—

Vinse Annibal, e non seppe usar poi,
Ben la vittoriosa sua ventura

says Petrarch, the subsequent adventures of this mighty general proved it. Had he advanced immediately to Rome, after the conquest of Capua, Italy would probably have been subjugated to Carthaginian sway. The third Punic war commenced in 146, and terminated in 149; when Scipio the younger made himself master of Carthage, and this famous city, which had so long disputed with Rome the empire of the world, was by him reduced to a heap of ruins. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

FINIS.

R. SMITHSON, JUN. PRINTER, YORKERSGATE, MALTON.

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